SUSPENSE: A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL BY JOSEPH CONRAD

TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME II NEW YORK, N. Y., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1925 NUMBER 6

The Discriminating Few"

IT appears to us that a certain misconception should be cleared from the minds of those who pride themselves upon their cultivated interest ntemporary literature or even in the rich litera- of the past. Consciously or unconsciously they ipt to class themselves as of "the discriminating ." Yet it is impossible to travel about in a try as large and as diversified as America with- wondering whether this particular classification any longer very much value.

America it is not possible to speak of the criminating few"—for here there exists a Many sporadically manifests unexpected discrimina- and intelligence concerning literature. There of course, a huge lump of stupidity and sensa- al emotionalism that is leavened by this quick lligence, this instinct for vital and distinguished ting. But such intelligence and such instinct not confined, by any means, to any one stratum society or [illegible] inner circle of pundits. ne of the s[illegible]ments upon contempor- books and [illegible]e (if only by word of uth) from [illegible] conditions of common zens, a f[illegible]iable to explode much lantry abou[illegible]d" and scholarship. Not that re[illegible]e do not regard thorough dy and an[illegible]sis of comparison imply- wide knc[illegible]ential to the exercise of truly cri[illegible], but there is a healthy it in the average American reader that is dubious cerning *ex cathedra* statement. It is the atti- e of "Show me!" It is the desire to test any rk of art by one's own predilection and experi- e. And it is something to thank God for.

Indications as to the literary tastes of the masses often extremly depressing. Granted! But here there, and it seems to us with increasing fre- ncy, the fodder-ruminating of the multitude is en pause by voices from their own ranks explain- to them in words they can understand the merits better intellectual pabulum than the sensation- ets on which they feed.

And, in line with the saying about the one and ninety-nine, it is of more significance that any son we had formerly regarded as entirely com- nplace should suddenly reveal a delighted under- nding of Montaigne, say, or a discriminating owledge of the work of Hardy, than that the iety and nine cultivated people of entirely ortho- x education and culture should be able to prattle ite correctly of the same authors.

We feel that there are many in this country who d independently and steadily, forming their own inions of books by a process of comparison with man life as they know it, and their own opinions an author's style by aesthetic standards by no ans to be despised. They are not always articu- te and they have not been blessed with—and to certain extent victimized by—a classical educa- n. (For a natural taste for the proper use of ords, for the true expressions of language, is not cessarily, as any college instructor knows, sudden- conferred, by laying on of hands or other mirac- ous agency, upon the winner of a sheepskin; nor it indeed, too often, the portion of one brought in the most traditionally cultivated surroundings ith every facility for improvement of the mind.)

Literary taste is in part a gift of the gods—not, rtainly a gift to depend upon without effort, but ie as often conferred on apparently unlikely per- sons as upon the more fortunately situated. Therefore we contend that "the discriminating few" are in reality a large and widely distributed many constantly recruited from all walks of life, not to be confined to any one small group, class or coterie. This Many will frequently be surprised in the shrewdest and least foreseen choices. They refuse to be directly catered to. They read where they list. They are the leaven of the masses and, for the most part, far more effective proselytizers of the masses to good literature than the arid type of intellectual who patronizes and stands apart.

The Sleeping Woman

By MARION STORM

O ENVIABLE, white and lucent,
With hair flung out along the peaks
And carven face turned still to heaven
What spread this pallor on your cheeks?

The sun climbs up at eager morning,
But finds no ardor on that mouth.
He comes in vain, a golden Siegfried,
To his Brünnhilde of the South.

The ages saw the withering fire
Die inward from her splendid breast—
Now there is not a cry in nature
Can rob her of her silver rest.

The painted mists in rose would veil her;
Spring whispers, yet she never stirs.
Winds faint to trade their clamorous portion
For that deep, shining sleep of hers.

A thousand years! She will not waken.
So motionless and free she lies
Where even hope is but a crystal
And peace is cool upon her eyes.

This Week

"Lady Anne Barnard at the Cape of Good Hope." Reviewed by *Hamish Miles.*

"Prairie." Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*

"The Tale of Gerji." Reviewed by *Katharine S. Angell.*

"The Invention of Printing in China." Reviewed by *Temple Scott.*

Wings. By *Christopher Ward.*

Next Week, or Later

Concluding Instalment of Joseph Conrad's "Suspense."

Rolland's "Summer." Reviewed by *Ernest Boyd.*

Published by Time Incorporated,
Publishers of TIME,
The Weekly News-Magazine

A Victorian Novelist

By E. S. HALDANE

PERHAPS *no one* so distinctly stands for Victorianism in the realm of fiction as the author of "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss." She had a vogue, if equalled hardly excelled, among a crowd of writers of the foremost rank. Now we have passed on to another phase, and we find the young Georgians smiling in their superior way at the old-fashioned novelists—those not so old-fashioned as to be once more fashionable again, but of the middle, unwanted age—and such of us who remember the days of the giants wonder in our hearts if the young generation really know anything of those they are deriding. George Eliot, or to give her her birth-name, Mary Ann Evans, was a contemporary of Queen Victoria, born in the same year, 1819, and she came of a healthy country stock such as gives a child the best chances in life. Her father, Robert Evans, was a man of great vigor of mind and b[illegible], carpenter, and land agent.

Mary Ann's life [illegible] easy one nor a very healthy one. [illegible] suffered from nervous headaches an[illegible] history was full of trouble. She wa[illegible] ligious girl who was met by intellec[illegible] which she felt could only be faced [illegible] off her religious beliefs and thereby c[illegible]ion in her family; and in other ways she was temperamental," susceptible to outside influences and with a nature difficult to hold in control. This made her existence a hard struggle, but it also gave her the power of understanding other human beings. The culminating point in her life was her union with George Lewes, who could never be her husband in law, though his previous married life was impossible, and in the present day divorce could easily have been obtained. The two lived together in ultra-proper marital relationship, and George Eliot adopted Lewes's three sons as her own.

The union with this gifted man converted the writer of somewhat dull, though well-informed, well-written, essays, into a novelist of the first order. How this was achieved it is difficult to say; but it was done with great success, and ever after, Lewes's constant encouragement enabled the author to continue her work through manifold fits of depression and attacks of illness. Sometimes he advised her wrongly, but not often, and the only drawback to his criticism was that it was not always sufficiently critical. We feel to George Lewes something of the debt of gratitude that we ought to feel to Prince Albert in respect of Queen Victoria, for Lewes sacrificed many of his own ambitions to hers: Lewes, of course, was himself a writer of no mean order.

If George Eliot was born into a great time she did her utmost to make it real to us. There is hardly anyone more accurate and informing than she as a delineator of the rural life of England in the earlier part of the last century. She had the power of representing that life as it was, and as she knew it, and she exercised that power to the utmost. Her early life fell in a time of crisis and unrest. The French wars that made rural life so easy, and farming such a prosperous occupation, had come to an end. But though the laborers suffered, the farmers were still carrying on their comfortable existence, and the landowners were happy, since rents were still high. None of these country folk realized

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that all the time a great industrial revolution was brewing, and they took no account of the misery that had developed in manufacturing districts—misery that Disraeli describes so well. George Eliot's English tales are mostly about rural villages or market towns such as she knew best, and though Dinah Morris and the Rev. Mr. Tryan went deliberately to work in forlorn towns like Snowfield, these towns are never so real to us as the pleasant villages of the rich midland pasture-land. The interest of George Eliot's novels is that she tells of the placidity that one associates with the picturesque life described by Dickens, but from another angle. A hundred years ago coaches were still in full swing and steam-engines half a horrid dread and half a possible coming excitement. George Eliot herself had lived the perfectly happy country life, was well fed and well clad, and yet deep down in her nature there was the same rebellious self that was springing up in all around her, and that shouted aloud for liberty. She was no fanatic—no iconoclast. She loved her images too well to break them! but she knew that the surface which she could describe better than almost any of her fellows was not the whole. That is what gives her writing so much reality for her times and ours. She had the power of expressing herself in wonderful, telling sentences, full of pith but never exaggerated, and she used her powers to show us what life was and is—that with an apparently untroubled surface such as a backwater society presents, life may be a tremendously deep and complicated matter, full of influences of which it itself is scarcely sensible.

* * *

Now this is apt in these days to be called a highbrow view of life, for which the young generation has little use. George Eliot possibly just missed being a pedant because of her enormous sympathy with actual human beings and their doings. She had not for nothing given up her impressionable young womanhood to the study of philosophy. That is to say, she had gone about her life-work in a way opposite to that of most writers of her kind. She looked first and foremost deep down into the heart of tl
true significance. Her c
like those of her great f
she lacked his immensity
They are no mere puppet
fancies of the day, but human beings showing forth the truths of eternity. It was these great truths that George Eliot always had in her mind, but as one generation passes to another the truths that appeal to the one have little of interest to the other. So that the writer of pure romance has a great advantage over the psychologist when the question of endurance comes to be considered, though George Eliot was not, by any means, a mere subjective writer. The feminist movement had not taken practical shape, but thoughtful women were conscious of its approach. Thus with her as with so many others, we have a combination of inherited convention and inherent rebelliousness that makes life a puzzle.

And then to George Eliot the awakening was not merely political; it was religious as well. The new evangelicism had for a time influenced her deeply, and it produced some of her most attractive characters. Perhaps if she had not thought so long and deeply over the philosophical side of things, and had begun to write fiction while the freshness of youth was upon her, she might have written with greater freedom and spontaneity. The systems she had thought out for herself were just too much formed, and too constantly before her mind to allow free play to her fancy. This gives the somewhat didactic flavor to her writings that is often criticized. It is complained that in certain of her works we require a real effort to follow her reasoning, and at the end are hardly certain that we have grasped it. On the other hand, she gained in depth and understanding by her long years of preparation, and she could hardly have had the same acute discernment of character, of human values, and human weaknesses, had she not passed through this preliminary training.

It must not be thought that with all her seriousness George Eliot was a writer devoid of humor. Her work is full of humor of the most delightful sort. It was a different sort of humor from the rollicking humor of a Dickens. I
more true to life in the sense that there is r
of the exaggeration that adds so much to the
lights of the "Pickwick Pape
may not have had the bright
most common in youth, or th
crous which involves the jux
incongruous things. But she saw the inherent absurdity of much that passes as serious in ordinary life. It is merciful that she had what she had of the sense of humor, though it seemed more of a development than of a native gift since in her letters and essays it is not prominent. Mrs. Poyser, as a humorous character cannot be surpassed, nor can the charm of the children in George Eliot's writings. Swinburne appreciated this characteristic at its full. "No other man or woman," he says, "so far as I can recollect, outside the order of poets, has ever written of children with such adorable fidelity of affection as the spiritual mother of Totty, of Eppie, and of Lillo." And Swinburne adds that we never wonder how Totty will grow up—"She is Totty for ever and ever, a chubby immortal little child, set in the lap of our love for the kisses and laughter of all time."

orge Eliot
fun that is
f the ludi-
of oddly

We are probably justified in thinking that it requires a woman to write of children as George Eliot did. Comparatively speaking, Dickens's mothers and children are lacking, less pathetic as they often are. It seems strange to us that the world was so long deceived by a masculine name as regards the sex of the writer of "Adam Bede" and "The Scenes of Clerical Life," for surely no man could have entered into the relationship between Totty and Mrs. Poyser or Lizzie and Mrs. Jerome as did George Eliot: to her motherhood was as Swinburne says "a most vivid and vital impulse," though she never was herself a mother.

But still the quality that strikes us most in reading George Eliot is her intense realization of the spiritual side of life. This was a side quite independent of any orthodox religion and yet one sometimes wonders whether it is ever as real to those who did not "experience religion" as to those who did. Evangelical religion was understood by her as only those who were brought up in it can do and it was never more real than when she broke with its outward forms. The Puritan Fathers
and name endure in spite of the passing of the particular forms in which lay the problems she grappled with. She may be old-fashioned in one sense and her tales may be cast aside in favor of the latest problem novel. But the older of us at least return to her with renewed zest when we wish to study the struggles and aspirations of a generation at a time of special difficulty. Her great lesson was that it is the spiritual alone that counts, and though that lesson may seem a tedious one it has to be taught now as much as when it seemed a necessary alternative in an age of materialism and industrial development.

Lively Letters

LADY ANNE BARNARD AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE: 1797-1802. Edited by Dorothea Fairbridge. New York: Oxford University Press. 1925.

Reviewed by Hamish Miles

WHEN Lord Macartney set sail for his Governorship at the Cape of Good Hope in 1797, he took with him, as Secretary to the Colony, a not particularly noticeable young man named Andrew Barnard. But that experienced diplomat had no cause to be disappointed. He had in Andrew Barnard as devoted a servant as any governor could desire; and after his return to England only eighteen months later, Lord Macartney was to find that in Lady Anne, Andrew's wife, he had as witty a correspondent as even that exacting age could demand. "*Ex Africa . . .*" the retired Governor may well have murmured as the inward frigates brought back to England the mails from the new colony. For hardly one arrived during these five years without a letter from Lady Anne; they are now open to us, in as entertaining a volume as any of its kind, and embellished with more than fifty of the writer's delicious drawings.

Lady Anne Barnard was whose mar-
ge, to the superficial eye, least brilliant
ion of her life. It was the happiest.

Daughter of the Earl of Balcarres, Anne Lindsay was born in 1750 into that coldly delectable little world of the Scottish aristocracy of the later eighteenth century: Spartan living in the country, with crowded excursions into the Athenian delights of the Edinburgh of Hume and Boswell and Monboddo. She was beautiful and lively, and at twenty-one, though it was not known till much later, she had practised her pen enough to be able to write the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray." In her early twenties she came to London, and there tasted the social delights in even more various flavors. The Prince of Wales, who called her "Sister Anne," Mrs. Fitzherbert, whom once she tried to wean from the Prince by a little trip abroad, Pitt, Burke, 'Old Q'—her friends were admirably catholic: a brilliant match must surely be in the offing. But no: amid the excitements of Berkeley Square her heart, which was a warm one, grew somewhat confused. For years she was courted by William ("Weathercock") Windham, then too by Henry Dundas, a suitor warmly recommended by her sister as "a noble Jupiter and, though ancient, in perfect preservation." But in vain. Lady Anne remained dangerously detached until, at the grave age of forty-two, quite quickly, and with an express determination to "stand the world's smile," she married Andrew Barnard, twelve years her junior, and with neither fame nor wealth to his name.

The world, as it turned out, did not smile so unpleasantly at the queer match: Barnard was an honest, sober fellow, older perhaps than his years. They were happy, and everyone wished them well. And they were unexpectedly helped by none other than the ancient Jupiter himself, who had meanwhile married another and become Colonial Secretary: in 1796 Dundas offered Barnard the post with Macartney. It was accepted, and in May, 1797, Lady Anne landed at the Cape.

* * *

There, in these pages, we discover her. The stage is fittingly set for a most diverting comedy of manners. Enclosed between Table M
the Bay in its own restive flurry, this li
ment of English society, dumped amo
ch, seem
ry of the time as does
sten's. Occasionally
guns comes through:
gypt, Sir Horatio Nelson manœuvres to discomfit him. But that (being History) is all very far away. At Cape Town, we can engage in our own little wars, our own politics, our own scandals, and all in a neatly staked-out claim of Empire right beneath the very practised eye of Lady Anne.

Needless to follow the intricate feuds and jealousies and bickerings of garrison and civilians. After Macartney's departure in 1798, the Barnards were left as the chief representatives of an honest and capable régime, of which the newcomers, Sir George Yonge and his staff, were eager to destroy or discredit every remnant. Their pettiness was at first amusing, then disheartening, at the last perilous. "They have made me bilious, my dear Lord!" cries Lady Anne in one outburst. But to fight the forces of evil, what could she do? "The only weapons I brought against that *league* was cold chicken, music, Misses to flirt with the aide-de-camps, & such little *agréments* as our house can muster, which . . . I think good auxiliarys in aid of a proper purpose."

As indeed they were. But why did she not add, her pen? In these letters, certainly, her native humor glitters most amusingly, not to say keenly. An
her tongue must have had an attractively sharp
to it.

Yet whose heart does not warm,
Anne's, to Mrs. Mercer?—

Her name was Clarinda O'Grady, b
bred in France & Germany. She
diamond here, & rough she is as
can make her; but I see the in
me. She has more conversatic
who chit & who chat, & more
& fine gentlemen put together.
awkward old husband had an a
tiful, as they say at Limerick,
kindness, which overturned everything in its way to support an unlovely object, for in the fall the poor man had knocked out some of his teeth; but the Clarinda looked at him with her heart, not with her eye. "Lord!" said Mrs. Kelso, "I shoud have run away & locked myself up, I shoud have been so much frightened." This is thought a much prettyer sentiment at the Cape than the other, but——

on
polish
contents
fine ladies
the fine ladys
naviour when her
ic fit . . . was beau-

That concluding dash is characteristic of Lady Anne, and we may leave her with it pointing silently
to her rare per "the intrinsic." In letter-
writers especial ost commendable virtue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Man and the Soil

PRAIRIE. By WALTER J. MUILENBURG. New York: The Viking Press. 1925. $2.50 net.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

MR. MUILENBURG belongs to the talented Iowa group which has given *The Midland* prominence as a literary monthly, and which includes Ruth Suckow, Roger L. Sergel, and John T. Frederick. All of these writers have followed their practice in short story writing by the publication of novels. "Prairie" has evident marks of kinship in its grim realistic method with Ruth Suckow's "Country People," Mr. Frederick's "Druida," and Mr. Sergel's "Arlie Gelston." These authors, like Mr. and Mrs. Haldeman-Julius a little earlier in their striking novel called "Dust," are intent upon picturing Middle Western farm life without softening one of its harsh lineaments; they find their essential dramatic material in the struggle between human character and the implacable rural environment; and they strike a general tragic note in showing how the environment warps and hardens their protagonists.

It is as a promising member of this school that Mr. Muilenburg now takes his place, and in his first book he adds a chamber to the composite edifice which the group is building. It is well worthy of a place beside "Country People." Its material has the veracity of close observation rather than of creative imagination; its handling shows careful workmanship and an artistic sense. Some critics will suggest that the artistry is derivative—that Mr. Muilenburg's book recalls Knut Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil." But the resemblance may be accidental. In essence the book is quite indigenous, and it represents a theme which has apparently long matured in the author's mind; part of it was suggested in a short story of the same title which he published in *The Midland* several years ago.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

In outline "Prairie" is simplicity itself. It is the story of a pioneer, his wife, his child, alone on the plains—nothing else. Community life is rigidly excluded, and after the opening chapters no social contacts give richness to the action, or breadth to the background. By these limitations the author has laid himself open to the charge of starkness, but has given his tale a depth and intensity it otherwise would have lacked. The family of three, discordant but dominated by the father's iron will, fight out their battle with nature alone. They struggle with drought, burning suns, hailstorms, prairie fires, blizzards, and loneliness. The man conquers nature in the end, but it is a barren victory; he has his half section, but he has lost all that makes a farm worth having.

Unquestionably Mr. Muilenburg's real achievement lies in his portrait of this man. Elias Vaughn is partly explained by heredity. The son of a grim Calvinist farmer in Ohio—or is it Indiana?—he rebels against his father's harsh discipline, his isolation, his cheerless virtue. The boy is proud, self-willed, and eager for adventure. He also thinks himself in love with the timid, clinging daughter of a shiftless neighbor, whom his father despises. Breaking completely with his home, Elias marries Lizzie and sets out for the trans-Mississippi prairies. They buy their land off the railway and settle down fifteen miles from any settlement, the man eager and courageous, the girl fearful, homesick, and discontented. Then begins the lifelong struggle which completely breaks the woman, but which simply turns the man to steel; a pioneer with but one idea —to subdue the land, to keep on fighting, to stand independent of all help.

No defeats, hardships, or considerations of tenderness to his family can turn Elias back. His first crops are burned up by the hot dry summers, and exhausting his funds, he runs into debt. His neighbors give up and go back east. His first child sickens and dies. He himself ages rapidly in body and spirit, until the thrill of exultation that he once felt in his enterprise never even momentarily returns. Above all, his wife fails him. She pines in her weak, dispirited way for a land of shade and companionship, and her health fails. All her affection for her husband, all her companionship with him, disappear, and they come almost to hate each other. Finally Elias discovers that it is not her body alone that the prairie has undermined. He has taken her and their boy Joey to the nearest hamlet to buy some much-needed articles:

> A woman had come into the store and stood leaning against the [illegible] ching Lizzie, who was still deciding what [illegible] ld have. Just as Elias glanced up, he saw the [illegible] from the corner of her eyes at the newcomer, [illegible] ger on her forehead significantly, and smile [illegible] t the woman before her who was running her hands over a piece of bright red cloth. For a moment the blood mounted to his head so that he was dizzy with anger. The veins stood out on his forehead. He quickly walked up to his wife. The clerk, who saw that he had noticed her action, looked fearfully at him and became cringingly civil.

But nothing daunts or deters Elias. His half-crazed and wholly miserable wife finally dies. Already his son Joey, growing up to detest the farm, its toil, and its poverty, has quarreled with his father even as Elias had quarreled with his own sire; Joey goes to town, and promptly becomes a dissipated loafer. The pioneer farmer is left utterly alone, without even a friend. But then he had always been lonely, and only the contest with the soil had given his life meaning. That contest, as the novel closes, he has won—he is a prosperous landholder in a community that has now become both prosperous and populous. But the ending is essentially tragic.

Now this story of what the prairie and pioneer do to each other is truthful, gripping, and in some passages powerful. It is also narrow, stiff, and depressing. Once the author's intention is grasped by the reader, its execution grows a little mechanical.

Cartoon of Trollope in *Vanity Fair*, from "The Significance of Anthony Trollope," by Spencer Van Bokkelen Nichols. (Douglas C. McMurtrie)

We feel that many incidents are invented to develop a set formula. There are several scenes that are finely faithful to Western life and human nature—the clumsy Christmas celebration in the Vaughn's little cabin, the trip of Lizzie back home, the school entertainment; but there are other scenes, including a final quarrel between father and son, that are labored and unconvincing. The book is lacking in the fusion that a complete fervent inspiration might give it. Into the author's feeling for the soil there enters an element of true poetry, and his natural descriptions are admirable; but as a whole the novel lacks the enkindling touch. Nor does the novel succeed in expressing quite as much of Western life as it might. There is evidence that the author intended his pioneer family to represent a type, and he calls Elias frequently "the man," Lizzie "the woman." But there is nothing typical in either their characters or—taken as a whole—in their lives. The book cannot be called a novel of the first order. But it is a durable contribution to the literature of the West, a work which deserves a wide reading, and one which justifies high expectations of the author's future.

M. Leon Pierre-Quint has published the first complete work on Marcel Proust (Kra),—a study of the novelist from birth to death, with numerous unpublished letters and anecdotes, and a clarifying exposition of his works.

The Don Juan of the East

THE TALE OF GENJI. By LADY MURASAKI. Translated from the Japanese by ARTHUR WALEY. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by KATHARINE SERGEANT ANGELL

ARTHUR WALEY in his preface to his translation of "The Tale of Genji," assigns this novel written more than nine hundred years ago by Murasaki Shikibu to a place among the dozen greatest masterpieces of the world. The listing of masterpieces is an uncertain and not too constructive occupation and it would be unfortunate to put "Genji" for English readers into the category of books which must be read from duty. For "Genji" is wholly a delight. It brings sheer happiness by its truth, beauty, humor, its understanding of humanity and zest for life, its admirable richness of texture.

The most detailed of the three journals in "The Diaries of the Court Ladies of Old Japan," (translated in 1920 by Annie Omori and Professor Doi) is by Murasaki Shikibu and of her Amy Lowell in her preface to this volume, has written that "with a flash from a mind of genius" she conceived the idea for the first time in Japanese literature, that people like to read about themselves. Certainly Murasaki is a realist as she conveys to us her court world, her polished civilization, so ancient and remote, at the same time so singularly modern in its essentials. Yet in her novel realism is less remarkable than her power of telling a tale of love and adventure and of touching it with color and emotion, with the essence of atmosphere or mood that transcends realism. "The Tale of Genji" is the Don Juan legend of the Orient. Prince Genji, the illegitimate son of the Emperor and a great favorite with his father, was of a surpassing beauty, skilled in all the arts of a prince, a dancer whose performance always brought tears to the eyes of his audience, a clever poet, a great lover, —"it was inevitable that he should cause a certain amount of suffering." "But in reality the [illegible] lous, commonplace, straight-ahead amours o[illegible] companions did not in the least interest him, [illegible] was a curious trait in his character that wh[illegible] rare occasions, despite all resistance, love did gain a hold upon him, it was always in the most improbable and hopeless entanglement that he became involved." We are told of at least eight of these entanglements in this volume (which contains only nine chapters of the fifty odd of the novel) and each of these romantic adventures has a delicate loveliness that carries conviction and justification, each sheds a new light on the complicated and sensitive nature of Genji.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

It is perhaps not extraordinary, in an era and civilization when sex was treated with uncompli-cated frankness and decent simplicity that it was a woman who wrote the Don Juan legend of the East, but surely it is a mark of genius that Murasaki, a woman, can write of a man like Genji with understanding and sympathy, with humor without bitterness and tenderness without sentimentality. Indeed Murasaki must be ranked as one of the women who have written best about men. Early in the book Genji and two other young courtiers discuss the qualities to be desired in a wife. The zealous housewife, the blue stocking, the jealous one who "must needs be forever mounting guard over their own and their husbands' affection" are pronounced equally unsatisfactory, "but she whose tolerance and forgiveness knows no bounds, though this may seem to proceed from the beauty and amiability of her disposition, is in fact displaying the shallowness of her feeling." They finally decide that "despite all our picking, sifting, and comparing we shall never succeed in finding this in all ways adorable and impeccable female."

There is a constant almost masculine robustness and matter of fact quality in Murasaki's comments on both men and women, and she had a delight, akin to Jane Austen's, in noting absurdities of character or manners. Might not this be Jane Austen? "One expects elderly scholars to be somewhat odd in their movements and behavior, and it was amusing to see the lively concern with which the Emperor watched their various and always uncouth and erratic methods of approaching the Throne." The personality of Murasaki that emerges from the diary and the novel is after all not unlike the Jane

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Austen who "collected" men and women on paper but shunned the neighbors at home. Especially in the diary we see Murasaki at court, where in her later years she was lady-in-waiting to Queen Akiko, dreading court functions, feeling shy and gauche in the presence of fine feathers, yet commenting with spirit on every detail of dress, manners, and behavior. And in the diary she writes "I see that I have been slighted, hated, and looked down upon as an old gossip, and I must bear it, for it is my destiny to be solitary. The Queen said once, 'You were ever mindful not to show your soul'."

Not to her companions at court but to the readers of her word is Murasaki's soul visible, and the dry wit with which the writing is punctuated does not by any means set the mood of "The Tale of Genji." The dominating quality of the novel is of a deep savoring beauty, at times seen in a passionate eagerness for life, or again permeated by a dream quality of loveliness more intimated than conveyed. It is extraordinary what variety of mood and atmosphere Genji's loves assume. They run the gamut from his grotesque affair with a "prodigiously old and tottering," painted and bedizened lady of fifty-seven, or his half-pitying, half-annoying pursuit of the inarticulate, awkward tragic "Saffron Flower" to the exquisiteness and delicacy of his love for the child named like the author,—Murasaki, she whose hair grew in "cloudy masses over her temples" or "fell across her cheeks in two great waves of black." The little girl is first seen against the background of hermitage and temple in the haze of the northern hills, with "the strange and lovely forms" of mists in the valley, and the roar of waterfalls against "the somnolently rising and falling, monotonous chanting of the scriptures." Each adventure has thus a place and color as individual as the setting of a Conrad short story, yet there are on the whole but few passages of description. Murasaki had the typical Japanese gift of concentrated imagery without any of the constriction of narrative sweep that such concentration may give.

Arthur Waley's translation of "The Tale of Genji" is in an English prose of rare grace; it is so brilliant that one is even tempted to wonder how much of the style we owe to Murasaki, how much to her translator. But it is sufficient for us fortunate occidentals that we have here had opened to us, to store in our affections, a book which adds to the permanent enrichment of life.

"A Persistent Fire"

OUT OF THE PAST. By MARGARET SYMONDS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. $4.00.

Reviewed by ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

IT is just thirty years since the death of John Addington Symonds. The standard biography by his friend, Horatio Brown, gives an excellent picture of him as a man of letters. It has remained for his daughter, Margaret Symonds, to portray the peculiar charm of his family life. Miss Symonds, who is now Mrs. W. W. Vaughan, wife of the headmaster of Rugby, has contrived to tell us just what we want to know without boring us with mere chit-chat. As its name suggests, "Out of the Past" is more of a medley of letters and reminiscences than a regular biography. This sort of book, of which the Victorian age has been very fruitful, goes far to prove Comte's theory that society is composed of families and not of individuals. If the Symonds family had not been made up of very delightful people these reminscences would have been merely trivial. As it is, they go far towards explaining the large humanity of John Addington Symonds which endeared him to people so widely different as Dr. Jowett of Balliol and Walt Whitman.

After a brilliant career at Oxford which was cut short by a complete nervous breakdown Symonds was forced to go abroad for his health. Eventually, after gallant but unsuccessful attempts to withstand the rigors of the English climate, he settled with his family in the mountain valley of Davos Platz. In the eighteen seventies Switzerland had not yet become the playground of Europe, and the sudden appearance of an Englishman with all his lares and penates was something of an event. Symonds at once endeared himself to the inhabitants by plunging into the life of the community. He became the friend and almost the oracle of the peasants for miles around, entering into their life with a freedom and intimacy that would have been impossible in England. There was of course a certain amount of English society. In 1879 Robert Louis Stevenson, also ordered South for his health, arrived at Davos with his wife and stepson. These two men both abounding in vitality and both struggling against ill-health found much in common. In his essay on "Talk and Talkers" Stevenson describes Symonds as "a man of various and exotic knowledge, complete though unready sympathies, and fine full discriminative flow of language. . . even wisdom comes from his tongue like singing."

At the same time that Symonds was making friends with farmers and innkeepers and spending golden hours with Stevenson he was always at work on his studies of the Renaissance. Often these literary labors necessitated a trip to Italy and the whole family including M. Berard, the temperamental *chef* who threw knives at the kitchenmaids and wrote exquisite odes of apology afterwards, would migrate to Venice. In this atmosphere of strenuous work and no less strenuous play the children grew up, getting such education as they could glean from an occasional governess and the constant society of their gifted parents. We gather that Mrs. Symonds was no less remarkable in her way than her husband. She contributed a zest for beauty and an indifference to academic standards of culture that effectually preserved the family from any professorial tendency. What we try to attain by lecture courses the Symonds family imbibed as naturally as they did the air of the mountains. In those benighted days the word self-expression was probably unknown in the vocabulary of education, but the personality of John Addington Symonds was a perpetual incentive to literary or artistic ambition. He was one of those invalids who work body and brain to the uttermost and yet derive fierce satisfaction from the resulting exhaustion. Everything that he wrote, especially his books on the Renaissance and the "Life of Michael Angelo," was written from the heart as well as from the head. A pedantic Dry-as-Dust may be interested in the Borgias or in Walt Whitman but it requires the buoyancy of spirit of a John Addington Symonds to be an enthusiast for both. The enforced exile in Switzerland bred in him a sympathy with all kinds of people that he might never have acquired if his health had allowed him to remain at Oxford as Fellow of Magdalen. Whitman's own words about him could hardly be bettered. "Symonds," he writes, "is a persistent fire; he never quails nor lowers his colors. . .He is cultivated enough to break—bred to the last atom—overbred; yet he has remained human, a man in spite of all."

Ripe Reflections

THE SCHOOL FOR AMBASSADORS, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By J. J. JUSSERAND. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1925.

Reviewed by ARTHUR W. COLTON.

"THE only connecting link between these essays," M. Jusserand remarks, "is the pen that wrote them." But they have more connection than being by that pen necessarily implies. It is a pen that has been active in two different ways. M. Jusserand is not only a distinguished man of practical affairs in a world of today, but a man of distinguished learning in respect to things of long ago, and this book is all from the pen of the scholar. The schooling of ambassadors is not by precepts drawn from his own diplomatic experience, but from treatises on the profession, mainly of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, manuals and definitions of the perfect ambassador that seem to require improbable perfections and extraordinary attainments. Ambassadors, indeed, of such ranging knowledge beyond the strictly professional as M. Jusserand and Lord Bryce must always have been unusual.

The second essay pictures the aged Petrarch, kind, querulous, and fastidious, in his retreat at Arqua, dreaming of Rome once more leading the world, Latin replacing all other languages, and himself remembered, not as a sonneteer and trifler with vulgar tongues, but as a great Latin poet, the author of "Africa."

The third is on the technical question: Where was the "Saint Treigney ou pais de Gales," visited by Master Regnault Girard in 1434? Apparently it was not in Wales, but in Scotland, the shrine of St. Ninian.

The fourth tells the story of the city of Sabioneta (near Mantua), which was built by Duke Vespaziano Gonzaga for his glory and pleasure, and thereafter faded away like a flower.

The fifth is on Ronsard and his native country around Vendome; and the proof that "Cassandre" was not a poetical lay figure, but a lady of that name, who married the Lord of Pré and became the ancestress of Alfred de Musset, leaving Ronsard to carry "a life long hunger in his heart"—

> L'absence, ni l'oubli, ni la course du jour
> N'ont efface le nom, les grâces, ni l'amour
> Q'au cœur je m'imprimai des ma jeunesse tendre.

The sixth essay treats of Tennis, the game as played boisterously in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and the word as derived from "Tenez!" equivalent to "Get ready!" or, as we say, "Play!"

The seventh, eighth, and ninth essays are on Shakespeare.

* * *

The theory of the unknowable Shakespeare—"others abide our question; thou are free"—is, in fact, more legendary than tenable. The portrait of the man in the essay, "Ben Jonson on Shakespeare's Art," is much the same as in E. A. Robinson's poem, "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford." It is consistent, definite, and well documented. Ben Jonson found him puzzling, lovable, exasperating, his method and practice of their common art all wrong by the test of right theory, but the outcome marvelously better than it should be,—an exasperating fact. He was Jonson's counterpart and antithesis in most ways: romantic in his plays and bourgeois in his life, Jonson conservative in his plays and romantic in his life. Things flowed out of him like water from a fountain, and Jonson took infinite pains to results that were stiff with artifice. He was mild, peaceable, reasonable, reserved, and Jonson boisterous, quarrelsome, open, and dogmatic. There was something subtle and sequestered about him, something of a mystery to those who knew him well, but he was as definitely a character as Jonson himself about whom there was very little mystery. Such a man is a curious problem to his best friends, but he is no featureless shadow even to us. How he struck his contemporaries is fairly evident. He preferred an uneventful life as the background of his powers, of his ranging and brooding mind. He preferred private life to public. He valued an independent income and the respect of his "home town" more than his literary immortality. They are any rate of a less impalpable substance. After all the fact of one's being is of more curious interest, and perhaps of more importance, than any accident of accomplishment. "Ben, what's immortal," more

> Than a small oblivion of compent ashes,
> That of a dream-addicted world was once
> A moving atomy.

Speaking of Shakespeare's retirement in his later years, M. Jusserand, perhaps with a touch of personal feeling or even of personal application, remarks that those later plays, such as "A Winter's Tale," were written probably in Stratford; that they show the quieting influence of retirement, and the equanimity of the sane mind preparing to leave men as a friend of men, and existence with gratitude for all it has brought of happiness, *remerciant son hôte*.

M. Jusserand on his departure left us with this courteous gesture and this farewell gift, the work of a ripe scholar who walks the paths of learning like a gentleman in his garden, enjoying the effortless ease of his erudition and "the equanimity of a sane mind."

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENET.....*Associate Editor*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Associate Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.....*Contributing Editor*

Published weekly by Time, Inc., Briton Hadden, President. Henry S. Canby, Vice-President; Henry R. Luce Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rate, per year, postpaid: In the U. S. and Mexico, $3; in Canada, $3.50; in Great Britain, 16 shillings; elsewhere, $4. For advertising rates, address Noble A. Cathcart, Advertising Manager, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Circulation Manager, Roy E. Larsen. Entered as second-class matter July 29, 1924, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Vol. II. No. 6.

Copyright, 1925, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Printing in China

THE INVENTION OF PRINTING IN CHINA AND ITS SPREAD WESTWARD. By THOMAS FRANCIS CARTER. New York: Columbia University Press. 1925. $7.50.

Reviewed by TEMPLE SCOTT

DR. CARTER modestly claims for this study of Chinese printing, no higher merit than that of a compendium of the researches of scholars and the discoveries of archæologists. In this case he does himself far from justice. While it is true that he has collected the facts of these researches and discoveries, it is also true that he has not left them as mere collections. He has so related them in his story that out of the relation is precipitated an original and enlightening contribution to the subject, namely, the meaning and the value of the civilizations of ancient China, under its diverse rulers and conquerors, in the march of general human endeavor. He has gathered together with an accomplished academic sanity, but he has correlated his ingatherings with a far finer sanity—the sanity of the imagination. It is this quality, imparted to the archæologist's blocks and rocks, which enables the reader of his book to fly over the debris of the excavations and enter the inner sanctuaries of the temples where once human souls spent themselves in aspirations, even as we are doing today. It is this story, so romantic in its setting and so revealing in its presentation, that transforms for us the deserts of the far Eastern lands into their ancient gardens, and repeoples their waste places with daring adventurers and builders of great cities.

For there was a time when the Asia beyond the Ural Mountains and the Caspian Sea, as far East as the Pacific Ocean, and as far South as the Himalayas and the Hindoo Koosh, was peopled with wonder-workers no less gifted than were our own European Greeks and Romans, though their genius manifested itself in other ways. They attained civilizations which flourished and waned even as did the civilizations of Europe. Barbarians invaded and conquered China as barbarians invaded and conquered Rome. There were Dark Ages and a Renaissance in the Far East as there were in the West; and there spread a Buddhism there which did for the Orient what Christianity did for the Occident. And the field for all these changes and transformations was that immense country of mysteries and marvels we know as China.

⁂

Once upon a time there were highways and caravan routes along which merchants and travelers and missionaries made their way from Peking and Turfan to Samarkand, Bagdad, and Damascus. These brought to Europe the silks and paper, the fruits and the porcelains, the gunpowder and the mariner's compass. For over a thousand years these caravans from the East enriched the West, and the West took what it wanted for its material satisfactions rather than for its spiritual enlightenment. Its rich men took the silks and porcelains; its adventurers took the gunpowder and the magnetic needle; its field workers took the seeds of the fruit trees—the eggs of the silkworm and the farmyard hens. Europe had no use for paper—its people were too busy digging and delving for their living to be interested in the cultivation of their minds. Its learned men and religious teachers had enough of papyrus and parchment for their purposes. It was only when Europe had re-awakened under the impulse of the Renaissance that a demand arose for a new enlightenment, and then the supply was made possible through the medium of paper.

But in China it was long deemed of the utmost importance that everybody should be acquainted with the laws and the sacred scriptures and the teachings of its wise men. It was for the purpose of recording the authoritative texts of these that carvings of them were first made in stone and publicly exhibited for reference and copying. When, however, paper was invented, the calligraphers at once seized upon it as a means of disseminating such texts. Dr. Carter pertinently points out that it was the invention of paper which gave the impulse to the invention of printing. As far back as 105 A.D. paper was made in China from rags, fibres, hemp, and even fishing nets. A thousand years before Europe had even heard of paper, the people in China were using writing paper, wrapping paper, paper napkins, and toilet paper; and five hundred years before block-printing was practised in the West, the Buddhist monasteries of Chinese Turkestan, Korea, and Japan were hives of industry engaged in [illegible]ng books, charms, and sacred writings.

Of course, Chinese printing was not printing from type; it was printing from wood-blocks. Type-casting or type cutting was not practicable in a country where the unit of the written language was a word and not a letter, and although centuries later, word-types were cut and even cast, both in wood and metal, it was an unwieldy task to set up a book from 40,000 separate word-types. It is this that has kept the old process of printing from blocks in vogue to this day. The calligraphers wrote a page of text, which was transferred by means of ink to a prepared block of wood. The wood-cutter would then cut away the wood round the writing leaving the words in relief. The block was then inked, and the paper to be printed on placed upon it. A simple stroke of a dry brush was enough to print the engraved writing. Two pages were printed at one time, and these were folded back so as to bring the blank sides in inward contact. The fold was thus at the outer edge of the book, and the sheets were stitched together at the other edge. The famous "Diamond Sutra," the first book ever printed, was thus made in 868 A.D. The great Tripitaka—the text of the whole Buddhist canon—was thus published in China in 972. Dr. Carter states that this latter work consists of more than 5,000 volumes, covering 130,000 pages, and called for the cutting of 130,000 blocks. It was reprinted (probably from the same blocks) twenty times during the Sung and Mogul dynasties. In Korea and Japan the publication of the Tripitaka had a great cultural influence. There is a copy of this work in 6,467 volumes in Tokio, which was printed in Korea in 1457.

⁂

The influence of the Mogul conquerors was of immense cultural benefit to the various peoples of the widely extended Chinese territories. Genghis Kahn and his successors swept Central Asia and even Eastern Europe, but they left civilization in their wake and encouraged civilization where they abided. Buddhist, Moslem, and Christian were alike tolerated and alike hospitably accepted. The great caravan routes were as free to the Pope's legates as they were to the Saracen or Arabian chief's embassies, or even to that of the French King St. Louis. Marco Polo brought back wonderful tales of far Cathay, and Franciscan missionaries spent their lives in China learning the language and spreading the Gospel of Christ. Had it not been for the barrier raised by the Moslem Arab, the arts of paper making and block-printing would have been introduced into Europe long before they finally reached there. Islamism was not favorable, as Buddhism was, to the reproduction of images or the printing of the sacred scriptures. The paper of Samarkand stopped at Samarkand for many years, and when finally it did filter through, it came by way of Egypt and North Africa to Sicily and Spain. Curiously enough, when Christian Europe took up the use of paper, it did so in exactly the same manner and for exactly the same purpose, as Buddhistic China had done a thousand years before—to spread religious teaching and supply the common people with pictures of holy personages and texts of the sacred scriptures. Thus came the "*Biblia Pauperum*"—the Poor Man's Bible—books made from the leaves printed from engraved wood-blocks. Very early in the fifteenth century block printing was in vogue in many parts of Germany, the Netherlands, Italy, and even Russia. Then as the demand increased for this cheap and almost passionately desired household literature, it took but fifty years for a still cheaper and more facile means of reproduction to be forthcoming, and with the invention, by Gutenberg, of the art of casting types in moulds and printing them on a press, the cultural force of the Renaissance received an accession of power which has revolutionized the world.

It is this strange and deeply interesting story of the rise and progress of printing in China, and its gradual spread westward, that gives to Dr. Carter's book its abiding fascination, and steeps it in an atmosphere of romance. It is a story which markedly illustrates the courage and far reachings of those adventurers who dared attempt to scale almost impassable barriers in their passion to satisfy the hunger of the soul.

An Italian Giotto

GIOTTO. By CARLO CARRA. London: A. Zwemmer. 1925.

Reviewed by SAMUEL C. CHEW
Bryn Mawr College

THERE is more truth in Ruskin's remark that it is impossible for any man to be more intelligent than Giotto than in most of his dogmatic assertions. The *dictum* might serve as an epigraph for Signor Carrà's study whose central thesis is that Giotto accomplished in his painting an absolute union between art and nature notwithstanding a certain "formal incapacity." In this "so-called formal incapacity" lies part at least of the explanation of Giotto's appeal to the modern mind, for (says Carrà) "the best contemporary artists exhibit a not very different formal incapacity." This remark follows close in Carrà's introductory pages upon the plea that Giotto furnishes "a precious hint to teach us to be in our turn genuinely sincere towards ourselves." The critic apparently fails to see that a partial failure in the matter of formal design on the part of Giotto (granting that there is partial failure) has a very different significance from the "formal incapacity" of modern artists; for Giotto's "so-called incapacity" is largely due to the limitations of the technique which he employed, a medium which made necessary a broad and summary treatment; whereas the modern artist, working not in fresco but in oils, is not under the same compulsion and is therefore liable, in some cases, to the charge of insincerity. Signor Carrà's disregard of this all-important difference lessens the value of the hints and suggestions which he throws out on the subject of Giotto's reputation and influence today.

His monograph is of far more value in those pages where, ignoring the contemporary applicability of his subject, he passes under review the essential qualities of Giotto's art. He dismisses as unworthy of discussion those who interpret Giotto in the light of a "false mystic tendency;" and having, with equal preremptoriness, put aside the critics who approach the great painter with "a mere equi[illegible] of well-prepared æsthetic concepts," he do[illegible] scorn to consider his subject as a man endowe[illegible] a world-embracing common sense which enable[illegible] to identify himself with the things around him without any lessening of the formal grandeur of his abstractions of those things. He rescues Giotto from the hands of the mere æsthetician, finding in his work *les plaisirs des humbles*, that is, a broad appeal to the so-called "ordinary man."

⁂

With so sound an awareness of the essentials of Giotto's greatness, it is a pity that Signor Carrà has chosen to devote so much space to a mere description of the frescos at Padua, Florence, and Assisi. That pedestrian work was well accomplished by Mr. Perkins and before him (less satisfactorily because less objectively) by Ruskin. Moreover the 192 collotype plates (from photographs by Messrs. Alinari) which supplement Carrà's essay are so excellent as to render description the more superfluous. The value of these illustrations is somewhat lessened, by the way, by the confused order in which they are arranged.

Signor Carrà's allusions in his text and his ample bibliography testify alike to a thorough acquaintance with the authorities who have written upon his subject. Even when disagreeing with them, he treats them with marked courtesy and equanimity. His disagreement is evident not alone in his discussion of such general matters as the relation of Giotto to Byzantine painting but in his attributions. In common with a number of other connoisseurs and in urbane dissent from another group, he is inclined to attribute very little work at Assisi to the master. The frescos of the Arena at Padua are, on the other hand, retained for Giotto with the exception of a few of the latest members of the series which are by pupils or followers working from Giotto's designs. The adverse opinion upon the work at Assisi is supported by careful comparison with the Paduan frescos with special insistence upon the characteristically Giottesque treatment of space and architecture.

The Italian critic has not been very fortunate in his anonymous English translator who has followed too closely an idiom and florid style that is unnatural in our language. Moreover in some passages of rather abstract discussion the English student is forced to consult the Italian text to make sure that the translator has fully grasped the author's meaning. The book is of handsome format, and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

printing, considering that it was done in Italy, is not bad, though there are some irritating errors (notably on page 28 where there is lamentable evidence of the proof-reader's neglect). The illustrations are, as I have said, generous in number and admirable in execution.

The True Hazlitt

NEW WRITINGS. By WILLIAM HAZLITT. Collected by P. P. HOWE. Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN C. CLOUGH.
Brown University

WHAT are these essays? Nineteen of them have never before been assigned to Hazlitt, and others have been regarded as questionable. Yet of these the greater part carry their passport in their own style. And what a style! It would be a graceful *tour de force* to write of Hazlitt without using the word "gusto," but why be so artificial? "Gusto," then, is here; "gusto" and allusiveness. In the very first essay, before Hazlitt has written ten lines, we find quotations from Lear and from Henry IV. (Has any editor applied himself more successfully than Mr. Howe to the tracing of Hazlitt's innumerable quotations?) And then there are personalities, with that acid tang which used so to exasperate Coleridge and Lockhart—among others. "Landor has done, with respect to the ancients, pretty nearly what Mr. Lamb has done with so much success with respect to our elder writers—dressed up original thoughts in borrowed phrase, to draw attention and give an appearance of greater novelty." "Mr. Haydon wonders he is not elected a member of the Royal Academy. . . as if they chose people merely for their talents as artists." "Mr. Jeffrey has a prejudice against authors, as a justice of the peace has against poachers." "In his bloom [Southey] stood on his own ground and ventured from the crowd . . . he crosess the desert of age under the protection of the caravan and in a company of pilgrims." As we read this last characterization we may recall that Wilson had said a year earlier (1828) of Hazlitt, "[he is] excommunicated from all decent society." Wilson spoke untruthfully, but he spoke in print, and we can hardly doubt that his words hurt.

⁂

Still, Hazlitt always had sufficient fortitude to get along without popularity. That so bold a speaker must often have needed it, there is new evidence in the present volume. He chastises the true-born Briton in Shavian fashion: "The Irish are hearty, the Scotch plausible, the French polite, the Germans good-natured, the Italians courtly, the Spaniards reserved and decorous—the English alone seem to exist in taking and giving offense." And again, "The English are the only people to whom the term *blackguard* is peculiarly applicable—by which I understand a reference of everything to violence, and a contempt for the feelings and opinions of others." And (the English being once more under discussion) "the egotism of a whole people is proof both against conviction and shame."

It should not be inferred that we have here an ill-tempered book. Nothing could be more genial than some of the anecdotes retailed. Hazlitt had the reporter's *flair* for what is nowadays called a "human interest story," and he gives us some delightful morsels about Lamb, Lord North (a ghostly figure, who comes alive in these pages for a moment), Beau Brummel, Fox, and others.

But all this is, after all, the lesser Hazlitt. The greater appears in these pages also; let me transscribe a passage, for the sheer pleasure of it. It is from "Travelling Abroad."

> Sometimes, as I gaze upon the dying embers in my room, the ruddy streaks and nodding fragments shape themselves into an Italian landscape, and Radicofani rises in the distance, receding into the light of setting suns, that seem bidding the world farewell forever from their splendor, their pomp, and the surrounding gloom. Or Perugia opens its cloistered gates, and I look down upon the world beneath, and Foligno and Spoleto stretch out their dark groves and shining walls behind me! You seem walking in the valley of the shadow of life; *ideal* palaces, groves, and cities (realized to the bodily sense) everywhere rise up before you—"The earth hath bubbles as the water hath, and these are of them."

"Untidy Charm"

STILL MORE PREJUDICE. By A. B. WALKLEY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $2.75.

Reviewed by EDWIN SEAVER

"DESPITE the etymology of his name, what distinguishes the critic is not so much his judicial faculty as his ability to communicate his impressions of the work criticized." This statement, quoted from Mr. Walkley's paper on "Critical Disquietudes" in the present volume, is the key to all the animadversions of that "delightful," that "agreeable," that "pleasant" gentleman of well-bred prejudices. And without troubling to consider the ultimate worth of Mr. Walkley's criterion of critical distinction (though there is nothing new in that criterion and it has often enough been discredited) we might very well apply it to this, his latest offering. How then should we communicate our impressions of "Still More Prejudice"?

If we may be so vulgar as to quote from the remarks of Chesterfield—not the English Lord but the American cigarette—"Mild, but they satisfy." Mr. Walkley has gusto, but it is a gusto eminently British, eminently Tory, eminently well-behaved. Mr. Walkley has taste, he has learning, he has considerable charm, he has insight, but again it is the taste, the learning, the charm, and the insight of the well-behaved British tory. He is without doubt "the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled ship" or indulged in prejudices. Yet at the bottom of these prejudices so indulgent is always the legendary obstinacy of John Bull, a stolidity in the face of the new and therefore strange expression, a tolerance which is but a pseudonym for indifference, a perpetual good humor which is almost gustatory in its complacency.

⁂

One begins inevitably by finding Mr. Walkley hugely pleasurable, becomes a trifle disconcerted to find him dealing with Duse and "simple French cooking" in the same rhythm and evidently with the same relish, and ends by feeling just a bit irritated by his insistent and undifferentiated urbanity. Hang it all, one says in closing the book, surely the London *Times* is not the measure of all things, of Sarah Bernhardt as well as Prime Minister Baldwin, of expression as well as Jane Austen.

Mankind, says Mr. Walkley, may be divided into two categories: the humorists and the non-humorists. Of course the classification is absurd; one might as well say mankind is divided into those who love tripe and those who detest it. Yet this classification, which we realize must not be taken too seriously and which even to lift from its context is to betray us in the camp of the non-humorists, is indicative of Mr. Walkley's prejudices. They are charming, but they do not mean anything.

⁂

Indeed, Mr. Walkley provokes us most to merriment when he least intends to. As in his paper on "Untidy Charm," where he reduces some several centuries of debate as to the difference between classicism and romanticism to the ridiculous (and oh how beautifully English!) conclusion that it is entirely a matter of tidiness.

> Greek statuary, Latin prose, French tragedy, the verses of Boileau, the essays of Addison, the paintings of Nicholas Poussin, the precepts of Lord Chesterfield, the tastes of Horace Walpole, the singing of Farinelli, and the acting of Talma were all tidy. The plays of Shakespeare (it was the real gist of Voltaire's complaint) were untidy . . . What makes Marcel Proust's prose so difficult to read is its untidiness (*sic*) . . . Classicism said, in error, only the tidy is charming; no, replied Romanticism, there is also an untidy charm.

Could anything be neater? Never mind distinguishing between Phidias and the sculptor of the Venus of Milo; "Greek statuary" is sufficient. It is not necessary to differentiate between the classicism of Cicero's prose and the neo-classicism of Boileau's verses. Nor, evidently, need we discriminate between what Mr. Walkley chooses to call the untidiness of Scriabin's music, a music essentially classic, and the art of the Dadaists, of romanticism gone to seed.

Such laxity in what purports to be criticism is undoubtedly charming; it is even untidily charming. It is inevitably the criticism that is content with impressions and with prejudices.

Wings

I. THE END

WELL, tomorrow I'm going to be married to the most frightfully brilliant man in the world. His name is Herbert Jazzbo Smithers. He writes the ads for the lingerie and fancy goods department of one of our largest department stores, where I was a saleslady till today.

First time I seen him we was getting ready for a special white goods sale. He came to my counter to get what he calls local color. I heard someone behind me say, "Oh you kid!" Just like that, "Oh you kid!" I turned around to knock the block off some fresh guy and seen him, five feet up to his eyebrows and seven inches from them to his bald spot. I seen he had class, all right, first look.

"Hail to thee, fair regent of the nightie," says he picking up a garment.

"Guess again," says I, fluffing my bob.

"By the mass, 'tis backed like a camisole," says he laying it down. "And you. You are beautiful, indeed. But have you a soul? Do you sense the poetry in all this? Do you feel the thrill of our sheer linens and fine cotton goods?"

"Not," says I. "Mine's silk."

"My God!" says he kinda thick. "Got a date tonight?"

Well, he come and I'll state he had some speed. It wasn't ten minutes till we was all cozed up. First time he kissed me he give my hair a kind of funny little jerk. I screeched and he says, "O most resplendent hair! To thine own self be true and thou canst not then be false to any man."

"S'matter, Jazz?" says I. "Why all these here declamation stuff?"

Well, he kep on coming, but he can't seem to give me the opening I'm looking for and maybe he wouldn't if pop hadn't of come in that time. Pop's a boss plumber and used to telling people where they get off at. Well, he come in late one night and Jazz didn't hear him.

"Wot t'ell!" says pop, givin us the evil eye, "when's the weddin'?"

Jazz takes one look. Then he swallows his Adam's apple with some difficulty.

"I woo in haste," says he. "But mean to wed at leisure."

"You do?" says pop and goes to the mat with Jazzbo. "Now," he says. "How about it?"

"Intentions strictly honorable," gurgles Jazzbo. "Object matrimony."

"It better be," says pop, and they agrees on a date for the wedding, while pop is still sitting on his stummick. I tell you there wouldn't be so many old maids around if all the girls' fathers was boss plumbers.

II. THE BEGINNING

He did not often go to church . . . But here he was, at a wedding . . . What hideous clothes! . . . Why didn't people wear their lingerie outside? . . . Such linens, such nainsooks might have been seen . . . Such and so various . . . True beauties dwell in deep retreat . . . The fault, dear Brutus, is not in them, but in ourselves, that they are underlings . . .

Here comes the bride . . . Veiled . . . God, what lace! . . . Was the rest—? . . . Her name was Aileen.

A curving arm of beach. . . Coney Island . . . The bride had gone abroad . . . He must follow . . . He flung off his clothes, all but a simple singlet of white samite . . . "I shall swim to her."

A beach again . . . Ilfracombe . . . Aileen in the moonlight . . . Draped in a flowing shawl . . . Great luck! . . . He seized it . . . Tore it from her . . . Wrapped it round him . . . She turned . . . Just in time . . . Not too soon . . .

"You!" she said.

"You," he answered. "Where have you been? . . . What have you seen?" . . .

"Canterbury" . . .

"Yes, yes but—The Irish Linen Stores?—Have you been there?" . . .

"I've been to Tintagel" . . .

"Yes, yes—but Swears and Wells, Peter Robinson's, Liberty's—Such texture!—filmy, sheer—such color!—ravishing!—" . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She bent her head . . . "Don't [illegible] might break!" . . . She straightened [illegible] "Tears" he said wildly, "Why?" . . .

"My husband," she whispered, "cares nothing for such things—doesn't know georgette from Giorgione."

"My God!" A tear splashed on her [illegible]

"Time to put the chains on," she said. "We're skidding. You forgot to put the three dots after 'My God!' . . . Did I ever meet you before?" . . .

"Thousands of years ago. When I was a king in Bab—" . . .

"Don't!" She shuddered. "It reminds me so of all the others. But you—you're different" . . . She looked at him with awe . . . "You're the only man I ever met who could appreciate one's true inwardness." . . .

His arms closed round her . . . Then the slow, the solemn, the quite usual consecration of their first kiss . . .

"It had to be," said he . . .

"Yes, I suppose so. That's the usual excuse. But we—we are like Dante and Beatrice." . . .

"Like McCutcheon and Macy," he murmured, "Like Wanamaker and Gimbel" . . .

A shadow on the beach . . . "My husband! He's very hasty!" . . . Lance-like, his slimness clove the wave . . . All night he swam . . . Then Liberty Enlightening the World . . . Home again!

Back again . . . At the old job . . . Quarter column for the silk stocking sale . . . Whenas to walk my Julia goes, Ah, then her dainty limbs disclose the shimmering sheen of silken hose . . . Full fashioned . . . Extra length . . . Wearever feet . . . $2.98 per pair . . . Former price $3.50 . . . God! what genius! . . . There isn't another man in New York— . . . Damn that telephone! . . .

"Well?" . . . "Yes, of course, I knew your voice Tessie. How could I mistake it, foolish child. Tis the voice of the lobst—uh, that is—nothing" . . . "The last time? Why?" . . . "Off Brooklyn Bridge?" . . . "No, frankly I don't. I did once, you know. But you don't interest me any longer" . . . "All right, Tessie. I'm sorry, but —well, you see how it is" . . . "By-bye. Be sure you don't hit a ship and hurt somebody" . . .

Damn the woman! . . . An artist mustn't be interrupted . . . But they have no consideration . . . What next? . . . Men's . . . All right . . . In Xanadu did Kubla Khan, Where Alph . . . No . . . Wear cotton socks . . . That's better . . . Wear cotton socks, that worthy man? Not so. He wore mid snow and ice, The Moonglo Sock, of rare device, of navy, taupe or tan or vert, priced low at ninety-eight per pair . . . God! what genius! . . . Wings! That's what it is. The Wings of Pegasus! . . .

Now, the toilet articles . . . Tinkham's Talc— . . . Damn that telephone . . . "Well?" . . . "Who?" . . . "Maybelle Maginnis? That fluffy blonde at the corset counter?" . . . "Well?" . . . "What, Swallowed her gum and died with my name on her lips?" . . . Well, I can't help it . . . If these women will— . . . When lovely woman stoops to conquer and finds too late there's nothin' doin', . . . Let's see . . . Oh, yes, Tinkham's Talcum . . . Full many a nose of reddest red, I ween, The fairest flappers on their faces wear. Full many a rosy nose will blush unseen, If Tinkham's Talcum's used with proper care . . .

Now the lingerie . . . There's a girl there. Good looker . . . Easy mark . . . In innocence, a child . . . I'll go down and get a little local color and look her over . . . Perhaps— . . . Who knows? . . . But not marriage . . . Not marriage . . . The Bane of all Genius . . .

CHRISTOPHER WARD

Several writers have founded a new series of book publications under the title "Le Roseau d'Or" (Plon), the first volume having just appeared: "Trois Réformateurs: Luther, Descartes, Rousseau," by Jacques Maritain. There has also appeared "Le Comédian et la Grâce," a play by Henri Ghéon, and "L'Amour du Monde," a novel by C. F. Ramuz. G. K. Chesterton will contribute shortly a volume on "Saint François d'Assise."

The Bowling Green

HAMLET, played in contemporary costume, is said to have been well received in London. (I love to think of Hamlet in Oxford bags and Harrold Lloyd spectacles.) That proves (we shall be told) that Shakespeare is always new. What remains now is to have some of our local bedroom farces dressmade in clothes coeval with their gags—seventeenth century at least.

* * *

Burton Rascoe, in his able and interesting little book on Dreiser, has the sound journalistic acumen. He knows that a crowd will always gather along the curb to see a good scuffle. Mr. Rascoe's purpose, he says, is twofold:—(1) to prove Dreiser a great writer (2) to prove Mr. Stuart Sherman's "naive innocence of the actual world." So far Mr. Sherman, with surprising guile for a naif innocent, has deprived the scuffle of its zest by saying nothing, like the Tar Baby.

Mr. Rascoe's essay on Dreiser is able, and makes me want to try (for the third time) to wade through "Sister Carrie." Wonder if it can really be as heavily done as I remember it. "A Traveller at Forty" I thought delightful, and some passages in "A Book About Myself." The others I haven't read, and am open to conviction.

* * *

"Among the scenes which are deeply impressed on my mind," wrote an Eminent Victorian in a diary of travel, "none exceed in sublimity the primeval forests underfaced by the hand of man; whether those of Brazil, where the powers of life are predominant, or those of Terra del Fuego, where death and Decay prevail. Both are temples filled with the varied productions of the God of Nature: —no one can stand in these solitudes unmoved, and not feel there is more in man than the mere breath of his body . . . . It is easy to specify the individual objects of admiration in these grand scenes; but it is not possible to give an adequate idea of the higher feelings of wonder, astonishment, and devotion, and which fill and elevate the mind."

Who, then, wrote this? A Very Wicked Man: the godless and satanic blaster of piety, the disbelieving infidel who anointed the gospel pavements with banana peel, whose mere name lately set primitive skulls jangling like cowbells—the young naturalist who wrote "The Voyage of the *Beagle*"—Charles Darwin.

* * *

It was in a bookshop in a great railway station, and we were speaking joculously of the pleasure of discovering for oneself the things that the Properly Instructed had known since Kingdom Gone. And then the young woman booksellers (how untruly is it said that Young Women in Bookshops don't know that any books were written before "Peter Whiffle") said "I'm discovering Chaucer."

I was so surprised and pleased that I felt it almost imposible to continue the talk; we passed on cassually to other topics. But it improves me to remember now and then that hidden in the great world are occasional zealots who have learned, or will, about Chaucer. Our blessed Chaucer, teller of so many tales "thrifty for the nones" (viz. profitable for the occasion) and who would not—greatest of all literary mottoes—"falsen his mateere," falsify his matter. Through all his work, strong as Latakia and sweet as Perique, there rises the effusion of his rich bodily person: his gay tenderness, jolly vulgarity, bursting humor, agonizing pangs of self-reproach; and his masterful brevity when speed is necessary. I thought of "Troilus and Criseyed," which wise men have called the first and certainly one of the greatest of modern novels. Every now and then—perhaps three times a year—I think of Chaucer's description of the dawn in "Troilus," where he indulges in his favorite trick of a little chaff in the very act of describing beauty that he loves—

> On hevenë yit the sterrës were y-sene,
> Although ful pale y-woxen was the mone
> And whiten gan the orisontë shene
> Al estward, *as it wont is for to done,*
> And Phebus with his rosy cartë sone
> Gan after that to dresse him up to fare. . . .

The "as it wont is for to done" is Chaucer's little stunt to keep his audience in good humor; I can hear them stirring and smiling gently 'round the great hearth. There are other sides where the immediate audience is forgotten; where (as in every great achievement) the cry is direct to those of his own blood, his fellow-artists of all lands and futures, those who alone will rightly comprehend:—

> Go, litel book! Go, litel myn tragédie!
> Ther God thy maker yit, ere that he dye,
> So sendë might to make in some comédie!

Which is the heart's cry of everyone who has ever tried to deal faithfully with tragic matter.

It is one of the queerest ironies that Chaucer, who gives so indescribable a fulness of mortal cheer to the nature mind, is by most of us tackled only in our teens and then shelved forever. Once you get the hang of his spelling (which after all is not much worse than Ring Lardner's; and how Ring would enjoy him; I should love to see an essay on Chaucer by Mr. Lardner in this *Review*) there is little difficulty. He has been a whole South Pacific for the philologists; shiploads of literary biologists have gone forth to dredge in his deeps and come back happy with phosphor-weeds and unknown polyps. But now and then some lucky amateur—for instance Aldous Huxley and Llewelyn Powys goes surf-bathing in Chaucer and runs shouting to us along the sand—shouting the old good news of his incomparable ozone.

I wonder what he would have thought of the Grand Central station, where more pilgrims than Canterbury ever dreamed go pattering by, shriving or unshriven. He would have been quite calm, humorous, and unstaggered. He was himself a kind of Grand Central Terminal of English literature—the terminus at the other end. But if he could have imagined the girl in the station who said "I'm discovering Chaucer," how it would have tickled him.

* * *

"XLI Poems," by E. E. Cummings, (The Dial Press) which the editor has handed me to review, conveniently reviews itself. On page 27 I read "Out of the black unbunged Something gushes vaguely between squeals of Nothing grabbed with circular shrieking tightness solid screams whisper." Mr. Cummings is a very real poet. Sometimes writes like this:—

> this is the garden: colours come and go,
> frail azures fluttering from night's outer wing
> strong silent greens serenely lingering,
> absolute lights like baths of golden snow.
> This is the garden: pursed lips do blow
> upon cool flutes within wide glooms, and sing
> (of harps celestial to the quivering string)
> invisible faces hauntingly and slow.
>
> This is the garden. Time shall surely reap,
> and on Death's blade lie many a flower curled,
> in other lands where other songs be sung;
> yet stand They here enraptured, as among
> the slow deep trees perpetual of sleep
> some silver-fingered fountain steals the world.

and sometimes he chooses to write like a boy touching fence-palings. If there are any thoughts that he hasn't touched, he goes back and does it. For instance:—

> at the the ferocious phenomenon of 5 o'clock i find myself gently decomposing in the mouth of New York. Between its supple financial teeth deliriously sprouting from complacent gums, a morsel prettily wanders buoyed on the murderous saliva of industry. the morsel is i.
>
> Vast cheeks enclose me.
>
> a gigantic uvula with imperceptible gesticulations threatens the tubular downward blackness occasionally from which detaching itself bumps clumsily into the throat A meticulous vulgarity:
>
> a sodden fastidious normal explosion; a square murmur, a winsome flatulence—
>
> In the soft midst of the tongue sits the Woolworth building a serene pastile-shaped insipid kinesis of frail swooping lozenge, a ruglike sentinence whose papillæ expertly drink the docile perpendicular taste of this squirming cube of undiminished silence, supports while devouring the firm tumult of exquisitely insecure sharp algebraic music. For the first time in sorting from this vast nonchalant inward walk of volume the flat minute gallop of careful hugeness i am conjugated by the sensual mysticism of entire vertical being, i am skilfully construed by a delicately experimenting colossus whose irrefutable spiral antics involve me with the soothings of plastic hypnotism

But whether curious or indolent, mr cummings (why shouldn't I review him in his own manner) is always interesting he limits himself toapublic of about Xli readers those few who are willing to sift his Sheep from his Shoats therareneververymany.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUSPENSE

A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL By Joseph Conrad

Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co., 1925.

Cosmo Latham, a young Englishman of wealth on a tour of Europe, in his roamings about Genoa yields to impulse and follows a seafaring man to a tower overlooking the harbor of Genoa where an Elban ship rides at anchor. Before he leaves his uncouth and mysterious companion he has become aware that the man is engaged in secret intercourse with Elba, where Napoleon is in exile. It is to visit a family which as political refugees from France had found shelter in his father's home in England, and which is now resident in Italy, that he has come to Genoa. His visits to the Countess of Montevesso give him an insight into the political background of her circle, and make him acquainted with the facts of her unhappy marriage as well as with her ill-favored husband and his half-savage niece. Upon this niece the young Englishman makes so deep an impression that she declares to her uncle her desire to have him for herself. Count Helion, while trying to soothe her, remarks to an English physician that he doesn't want "that popingay" around. Cosmo that night vanishes from the inn at which he has been staying. When he reenters the story he is at the tower in which his original adventure with the mysterious stranger has occurred. A shot has been fired; the sailor appears suddenly, and on Cosmo's telling him that he has observed two men, presumably his friends, he demands whether they have seen him. In the midst of his interview with him, a diversion is created. Cosmo is carried off by the gendarmes to the guardhouse, whence he is put aboard a boat. A second diversion occurs, Cosmo is kidnapped again, and again finds himself with the mysterious Attilio.

NO other word was uttered till one of the men got hold of the brig's cable and the boat came to a rest with her side against the stem of that vessel, when Cosmo, who now could himself hear the faint noise of rowing, asked Attilio in a whisper: "Are they after you?"

"If they are after anything," answered the other coolly, "they are after a very fine voice. What made you give that shout?"

"I had to behave like a frightened mouse before those *sbirri*, on account of those papers you left with me, and I felt that I must assert myself." Cosmo gave this psychological explanation grimly. He changed his tone to add that, fancying he had seen the shape of the English man-of-war's boat, the temptation to hail her had been irresistible.

"Possibly that's what started them. They know nothing of us. Luck was on our side. We slipped in unseen." The sound of rowing meantime had grown loud enough to take away from them all desire for further conversation, for the noise of heavy oars working in their rowlocks has a purposeful relentless character on a still night, and the big twelve-oared galley, pulled with a short quick stroke, seemed to hold an unerring way in its hollow thundering progress. For those in the boat concealed under the bows of the brig the strain of having to listen without being able to see was growing intolerable. Cosmo asked himself anxiously whether he was going to be captured once more before this night of surprises was out, but at the last moment the galley swerved and passed under the stern of the polacca as if bent on taking merely a sweep round the harbour. Everybody in the boat drew a long breath. But almost immediately afterwards the sound of rowing stopped short and everyone in the boat seemed turned again into stone.

At last Attilio breathed into Cosmos's ear, "*Per Dio!* They have found the other boat."

Cosmo was almost ashamed at the swift eagerness of his fearfully whispered inquiry:

"Are the men in her dead?"

"All I know is that if either of them is able to talk we are lost," Attilio whispered back.

"These *sbirri* were going to deliver me to the gendarmes," Cosmo began under his breath, when all at once the noise of the oars burst again on their ears abruptly; but soon all apprehension was at an end, because it became clear that the sound was receding towards the east side of the harbour. In fact the custom-house people who had started to row round because of a vague impression that there had been some shouting in the harbour had to their immense surprise come upon a boat which at first seemed empty but which, they soon discovered, contained two human forms huddled up on the bottom boards, apparently dead, but at any rate insensible if they were still breathing. Attilio's surmise that as the quickest way of dealing with this mystery the custom-house officer had decided to tow the boat at once to the police station on the east side was perfectly right; and also his conviction that now or never was his chance to slip out of that harbour where he and his companions felt themselves in a trap the door of which might snap to at any time. At the best it was a desperate situation, he felt. Cosmo felt it, too, if in a more detached way—like a rather unwilling spectator. Yet his anxiety for the safety of his companions was as great as though he had known them all his life. Though he had in a way lost sight of his personal connection he could not help forming his own view, which he poured into Attilio's ear while the two rowers put all their strength into their work.

Tensely rigid at the tiller, Attilio had listened, keeping his eyes fixed on the gap of dark gleaming water between the black heads of the two breakwaters.

"The signore is right," he assented. "We could not hope to escape from that galley once she caught sight of us. Our only chance is to slip out of the port before she gets back to her station outside the jetties. This affair will be a great puzzle to them. They will lose some time talking it over with the gendarmes. Unless one or another of those *sbirri* comes to himself."

"Yes. Those *sbirri* . . ." murmured Cosmo.

"What would you have? We did our best with the boat-stretchers, I can assure you."

Cosmo had no doubt of that. The sound of crashing blows rained on those wretches' heads had been sickening, but the memory comforted him now. So did the return of the profound stillness after the noise of the galley's oars had died out in the distance. Cosmo took heart till it came upon him suddenly that there never had been a starry sky that gave so much light, no night so amazingly clear, no harbour of such an enormous extent. He felt he must not lose a minute. He jumped up and began to tear off his coat madly. Attilio exclaimed in dismay, "Stay! Don't!" It looked as though his Englishman had made up his mind to swim for it. But Cosmo with a muttered, "I must lend a hand," stepped lightly forward past the rowers, and began to feel under thwarts for a spare oar. Before he found it his hand came in contact with a naked foot. This recalled to him the existence of the ancient boatman. The poor fellow who had taken no part in the fray had fallen overboard from mere weakness and had had a long soaking in chilly water. He lay curled up in the bows, shivering violently like a dog. For the moment Cosmo was simply vexed at this additional weight in the boat. He could think of nothing but of the custom-house galley. He imagined her long, slim, cleaving the glassy water, as if endowed with life, while the clumsy tub in which he sat felt to him a dead thing which had to be tugged along by main force every inch of the way. He set his teeth hard and pulled doggedly as if rowing in a losing race, without turning his head once. Suddenly he became aware of the end of the old Mole gliding past the boat, and that Attilio instead of holding on this way had taken a sweep and was following the outer side of the breakwater towards the shore. Presently, at his word, the oars were taken in, and the boat floated arrested in shallow water amongst the boulders strewn along the base of the Mole. The men panted after their exertions. Not a breath of wind stirred the chilly air. Cosmo returned aft and sat down by Attilio after putting on his coat.

IT seemed as though Attilio, while steering with one hand, had managed with the other to go through the pockets of Cosmo's coat, for his first words murmured in an anxious tone were "Signore, where are those papers?"

Cosmo had forgotten all about them. The shock was severe. "The papers," he exclaimed faintly. "In my hat."

"Yes, I put them there. You had it on your head in the boat. I recognized you by it."

"Of course I had it on. Where is it?"

"God knows," said Attilio bitterly. "I was asking you for the papers."

"I only discovered that the packet was in my hat after I put it on," protested Cosmo. "Four *sbirri* were standing over me already."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Attilio, very low.

"Afterwards I was watched all the time."

While they were exchanging those words in the extremity of their consternation, the man nearest to them went down suddenly on his knees and began to grope under the thwarts industriously. Having heard the word "hat" he had remembered that while battling with the *sbirri* he had trodden on some round object which had given way under his foot. He assured the signore that it was a thing that could not be helped while he tendered to him apologetically the rim with one hand and the crown with the other. It was crushed flat like an empty bag, but it was seized with avidity and presently Cosmo's feelings were relieved by the discovery that it still contained the parcel of papers. Attilio took possession of it with a low nervous laugh. It was an emotional sound which, coming from that man, gave Cosmo food for wonder during the few moments the silence lasted before Attilio announced in a whisper, "Here she is."

Cosmo, looking seaward, saw on the black and gleaming water, polished like a mirror for the stars, an opaque hummock resembling the head of a rock; and he thought that the race had been won by a very narrow margin. The galley in fact had reached the heads of the jetties a very few minutes only after the boat. On getting back to his station the officer in the galley pulled about fifty yards clear of the end of the old Mole and ordered his men to lay oars in. He had left the solution of the mystery to the police. It was not his concern; and as he knew nothing of the existence of an outside boat, it never occurred to him to investigate along the coast. Attilio's boat lurking close inshore was invisible from seaward. The distance between the two was great enough to cause the considerable clatter which is made when several oars are laid in together at the word of command to reach Cosmo only as a very faint, almost mysterious, sound. It was the last he was to hear for a very long time. He surrendered to the soft and invincible stillness of air and sea and stars enveloping the active desires and the secret fears of men who have the sombre earth for their stage. At every momentary pause in his long and fantastic adventure it returned with its splendid charm and glorious serenity, resembing the power of a great and unfathomable love whose tenderness like a sacred spell lays to rest all the vividities and all the violences of passionate desire.

DREAMILY Cosmo had lost control of the trend of his thoughts, as one does on the verge of sleep. He regained it with a slight start and looked up at the round tower looming up, bulky, at the water's edge. He was back again, having completed the cycle of his adventures and not knowing what would happen next. Everybody was silent. The two men at the thwarts had folded their arms and had let their chins sink on their breasts; while Attilio, sitting in the stern sheets, held his head up in an immobility to which his open eyes lent an air of extreme vigilance. The waste of waters seemed to extend from the shores of Italy to the very confines of the universe, with nothing on it but the black spot of the galley which moved no more than the head of a rock. "We can't stay here till daylight," thought Cosmo.

The same thought was in Attilio's mind. The race between his boat and the galley had been very close. It was very probable that had it not been for Cosmo volunteering to pull the third oar it would have resulted in a dead heat, which of course would have meant capture. As it was, Attilio had just escaped being seen by pulling short round the jetty instead of holding on into the open sea. It was a risky thing to do, but then, since he had jeopardized the success of his escape through his desire to get hold of Cosmo again, there was nothing before him but a choice of risks.

Attilio was a native of a tiny white townlet on the eastern shore of the Gulf of Genoa. His people were all small cultivators and fishermen. Their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

name was Pieschi, from whose [illegible] known conspirators against the [illegible] and in the days of the Republic [illegible] tilio had heard only lately (Cantelucci [illegible] with a certain satisfaction. In [illegible] on the coast of the South American [illegible] had heard much talk of a subversive [illegible] become familiar with the idea of [illegible] as an assertion of manly dignity [illegible] aim of life. He had come back to his country [illegible] six months before and, beholding the age-[illegible] some of his people in the unchanged surroundings, seemed to him that it was his own life that had been very long, though he was only about thirty. Being a relation of Cantelucci he found himself very soon in touch with the humbler members of secret societies, survivals of the revolutionary epoch, stirred up by the downfall of the Empire and inspired by grandiose ideas, by the hatred of the Austrian invaders bringing back with them the old tyrannical superstitions of religion and the oppression of privileged classes. Like the polite innkeeper he believed in the absolute equality of all men. He respected all religions but despised the priests who preached submission and perceived nothing extravagant in the formation of an Italian empire (of which he had the first hint from the irritable old cobbler, the uncle of Cecchina) since there was a great man—a great Emperor—to put at its head, very close at hand. The great thing was to keep him safe from the attempts of all these kings and princes now engaged in plotting against his life in Vienna—till the hour of action came. No small task, for the world outside the ranks of the people was full of his enemies.

ATTILIO, still and silent by Cosmo's side, was not reproaching himself for having gone in the evening to say good-bye to Cecchina. The girl herself had been surprised to see him, for they had said good-bye already in the afternoon. But this love affair was not quite two months old and he could not have been satisfied with a hurried wordless good-bye, snatched behind a half-closed door, with several people drinking at the long table in Cantelucci's kitchen on one side and a crabbed old woman rummaging noisily in a storeroom at the end of the dark passage. Cecchina had, of course, reproached him for coming, but not very much. Neither of them dreamed of there being any danger in it. Then, straight out of her arms, as it were, he had stepped into that ambush! His presence of mind and his agility proved too much for the party of stupid Barbane. It was only after he had given them the slip in the maze of small garden plots at the back of the houses that he had time, while lying behind a low wall, to think over this unexpected trouble. He knew that the fellows who were after him belonged to the police, because they had called on the soldiers for assistance; but he concluded that he owed this surprise to some jealous admirer of Cecchina. It was easy enough for any base scoundrel to set the police after a man in these troubled times. It may even have been one of Cantelucci's affiliated friends. His suspicions rested on the small employees who took their meals at the inn, and especially on a lanky scribe with a pointed nose like a rat who had the habit of going in and out through the courier's room, only, Attilio believed, in order to make eyes at Cecchina. That the ambush had been laid on the evening fixed for his departure was a mere coincidence.

The real danger of the position was in having the papers on him, but, anxious that his friends at the tower should not give him up, he came out of his hiding-place too soon. The soldiers had gone away, but the *sbirri* were still half-heartedly poking about in dark corners and caught sight of him. Another rush saved him for the moment. The position he left was growing desperate. He dared not throw away the papers. The discovery of Cosmo sitting amongst the stones was an event so extraordinary in itself that it revolutionized his rational view of life as a whole in the way a miracle might have done. He felt suddenly an awed and confiding love for that marvellous person fate had thrown in his way. The pursuit was close. There was no time to explain. There was no need.

But directly he found himself safe in the boat Attilio began to regret having parted with the papers. It was not much use proceeding on his mission without these documents entrusted to him by Cantelucci, acting on behalf of superior powers.

He asked himself what could have happened to Cosmo? Did the fellows arrest him on suspicion? [illegible] likely, and at worst it would not [illegible] short detention. They would not [illegible] surely. But even if they found [illegible] could declare it his own property [illegible] ng opened. He had a complete [illegible] nce in Cosmo's loyalty and, what was more, [illegible] young Englishman's power to have his own [illegible]. He had the manner for that and the face for [illegible]. The face and bearing of a man with whom [illegible] was lucky to be associated in anything.

THE galley being just then at the other end of her beat, Attilio saw his way clear to slip into the harbor. The state of perfect quietness over the whole extent of the harbour encouraged his native audacity. He began by pulling to the east side where the gendarmerie office was near the quay. Everything was quiet there. He made his men lay their oars amongst the shadows of the anchored shipping and waited. Sleep, breathless sleep, reigned on shore and afloat. Attilio began to think that Cosmo could not have been discovered. If so, then he must be nearing Cantelucci's inn by this time. He resolved then to board one of the empty coasters moored to the quay, wait for the morning there, and then go himself to the inn, where he could remain concealed till another departure could be arranged. He told his men to pull gently to the darkest part of the quay. And then he heard Cosmo's mighty shout. He was nearly as confounded by it as the *sbirri* in the boat. That voice bursting out on the profound stillness seemd loud enough to wake up every sleeper in the town, to bring the stones rolling down the hillsides. And almost at once he thought, "What luck!" The luck of the Englishman's amazing impudence; for what other man would have thought of doing that thing? He told his rowers to lay their oars in quietly and get hold of the boat-stretchers. The extremely feeble pulling of the old boatman gave the time for these preparations. He whispered his instructions: "We've get to get a foreign signore out of that boat. The others in her will be *sbirri*. Hit them hard." Just before the boats came into contact he recognized Cosmo's form standing up. It was then that he pronounced the words, "the man in the hat," which were heard by Cosmo. Attilio ascribed it all to luck that attended those who had anything to do with that Englishman. Even the very escape unseen from the harbour he ascribed, not to Cosmo's extra oar, but to Cosmo's peculiar personality.

Without departing from his immobility he broke silence by a "signore," pronounced in a distinct but restrained voice. Cosmo was glad to learn the story before the moment came for them to part. But the theory of luck which Attilio tacked on to the facts did not seem to him convincing. He remarked that if Attilio had not come for him at all he would have been far on the way in his mysterious affairs, whereas now he was only in another trap.

For all answer the other murmured, "*Si*, but I wonder if it would have been the same. Signore, isn't it strange that we should have been drawn together from the first moment you put foot in Genoa?"

"It is," said Cosmo, with an emphasis that encouraged the other to continue, but with a less assured voice.

"Some people of old believed that stars have something to do with meetings and partings by their disposition and that some if not all men have each a star allotted to them."

"Perhaps," said Cosmo in the same subdued voice. "But I believe there is a man greater than you or I who believes he has a star of his own."

"Napoleon, perhaps."

"So I have heard," said Cosmo, and thought, "Here he is, whenever two men meet he is a third, one can't get rid of him."

"I wonder where it is," said Attilio, as if to himself looking up at the sky. "Or your or mine," he added, in a still lower tone. "They must be pretty close together."

Cosmo humoured the superstitious strain absently, for he felt a secret sympathy for that man. "Yes, it looks as if yours and mine had been fated to draw together."

"No, I mean all three together."

"Do you? Then you must know more than I do. Though indeed as a matter of fact he is not very far from us where we sit. But don't you think, my friend, that there are men and women, too, whose stars mark them for loneliness no man can approach?"

"You mean because they are great?"

"Because they are incomparable," said Cosmo after a short pause, in which Attilio seemed to ponder.

"I like that what you said," Attilio was heard at last. "Their stars may be lonely. Look how still they are. But men are more like ships that come suddenly upon each other without a warning. And yet they, too, are guided by the stars. I can't get over the wonder of our meeting to-night."

"If you hadn't been so long in saying good-bye we wouldn't have met," said Cosmo, looking at the two men dozing on the thwarts, the whisperers of the tower. They were not at all like what he had imagined them to be.

Attilio gazed at his Englishman for a time closely. He seemed to see a smile on Cosmo's lips. Wonder at his omniscience prevented him from making a reply. He preferred not to ask, and yet he was incapable of forming a guess, for there are certain kinds of obviousness that escape speculation.

"You may be right," he said. "It's the first time in my life that I found it hard to say good-bye. I begin to believe," he went on murmuring, "that there are people it would be better for one not to know. There are women . . . "

"Yes," said Cosmo, very low and as if unconscious of what he was saying. "I have seen your faces very close together."

The other made a slight movement away from Cosmo and then bent towards him. "You have seen," he said slowly and stopped short. He was thinking of something that had happened only two hours before. "Oh well," he said with composure, "you know everything, you see everything that happens. Do you know what will hapen to us two?"

(*To be concluded in the next issue*)

Rules of the Conrad Contest

1. Five cash prizes will be paid by *The Saturday Review of Literature*, as follows:

First Prize	$500
Second Prize	250
Third Prize	50
Fourth Prize	50
Fifth Prize	25

Fifty prizes consisting each of any one volume of the limp leather edition of Conrad's works which the winners may choose.

2. Beginning in the June 27th issue and continuing until September *The Saturday Review* will publish serially Joseph Conrad's last, unfinished novel, "Suspense." For the best essays on the probable ending of "Suspense" *The Saturday Review* offers $1,000.00 in prizes as specified in Rule No. 1.

3. Do not submit any essays until after the last instalment has appeared in September. At the conclusion of the contest all manuscripts should be sent to *The Saturday Review* Contest Editor, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Your full name and complete address must appear on the manuscript.

4. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to or purchaser of *The Saturday Review* in order to enter the contest. Copies of *The Saturday Review* may be examined at the Public Libraries. The contest is open to anyone except employees of the paper. Reviewers and contributors to the pages of the *Review* are eligible for all except the second prize, which is open only to non-professional writers.

5. The essays should be about 500 words in length, although they may run to 2,000 words.

Decision as to the merits of the essays will be made not only on the basis of the plausibility of the suggested ending, but also its plausibility as the ending of a characteristic Conrad novel. In awarding the prizes the literary quality of the essay will be taken into consideration as well as the ingenuity of the solution.

It must be clearly understood that the article submitted cannot be an actual conclusion to "Suspense," but must take the form of a discussion of what that conclusion might have been. Mr. Conrad has emphatically refused to permit the publication of any end to the novel.

6. The judges will be Captain David W. Bone, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Professor William Lyon Phelps. Their decision will be final.

7. The contest will close on October 1, 1925. Manuscript must be in the office of *The Saturday Review* before midnight of that date.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harcourt,
Brace
and Company
383 Madison Ave., New York

Two books
by
the author of
"Black Laughter"

EBONY AND IVORY
BY
LLEWELYN POWYS

"Mr. Powys is a poet, for he is quiveringly sensitive to the world that beats in upon him; he is a sage, for he looks at that world unflinchinglv."—*N. Y. Herald-Tribune.*

"I meditate with pleasure and a kind of somber pain over the things he tells."
—*Theodore Dreiser.*

$2.50

SKIN FOR SKIN

By
Llewelyn Powys

To those who have acquired a taste for the fusion of merciless realism with whimsical humor which we have come to associate with the writings of Llewlyn Powys, this book will bring a renewed sense of discovery. The personal note in this story of his brave battle with consumption enhances his power to create atmosphere, to offer at the same time the magic of an emotional experience and an intellectual delight.

$2.00

Books of Special Interest

Practical Economics

THE EDUCATION OF THE CONSUMER. By HENRY HARAP. New York: the Macmillan Co. 1924. $2.

Reviewed by S. AGNES DONHAM

MR. HARAP'S purpose in this volume has been "to analyze for educational guidance the elements of an effective relation between man and his economic environment, as it expresses itself in the consumption of food, shelter, fuel, and clothing."

Perhaps the most serious indictment of present educational methods and modern curricula is that the youth of today fail to translate the subject matter they have studied into principles which guide them to effective living. In searching for a remedy for this situation, educators have devoted much thought to the possible reorganization of curricula. The author of this book frankly intends "to furnish a method and some working material for those who are engaged in constructing curricula."

His premise is that a curriculum, to be effective, "must be based upon a study of the fundamental needs of life—and adapted to the educational resources and limitations of the community." To determine these fundamental needs of life, the writer gathered a mass of hitherto unrelated facts regarding the present economic habits of the people of our nation. These facts he correlates under general headings familiar to all, and in non-technical language compares them with the standards of good living which have scientific support or general acceptance, even though not yet scientifically proved. His conclusions are based upon the results of this comparison. Where the economic habit of the people at the present time is contrary to the best standards obtainable, the conclusion is boldly stated, "We should as a people discontinue that habit." He also brings to the attention many habits tending in the right direction which should be strengthened and improved, while emphasizing really good habits existing in the lives of a few which should be developed in the practice of the mass.

Mr. Harap has not based this study upon the habits of a few "average" families or individuals. Where such studies have been made by government or other organizations, he has used the resulting material which was available, but the great body of evidence comes from many sources never before used in this way which he lists in the very complete bibliography contained in a final chapter. Quantitative data on the raw materials consumed in the manufacture of commodities used by the people, data as to the chief products of these same industries, production and consumption figures regarding food, clothing, and household materials, were gathered from such trustworthy sources as Tariff Information Surveys, U. S. Bureau of Market Reports, U. S. Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, and the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, and studies issued by State and Municipal, as well as private agencies. The sources of the data obtained are so varied and so numerous that the reader is at once aware of the value of a correlation impossible for him to make for himself. Gathered from many widely separated reports, these facts having no apparent connection or correlative value to the casual student, become alive with interest and importance when applied to the problem of discovering the living habits of a people. There are times when the reader wishes that the comparisons might have been made between studies of more recent date than 1911-1920, but if consideration is given to the long space of time which frequently elapses between compiling such data and publishing the results, and to the fact that more than two years of intensive work were devoted to the preparation of this book, the difficulties in the way of finding and using current material are clearly evident.

All of the conclusions regarding *actual* practice would be valueless without the other side of Harap's research. He has paralleled the first study with another, which aims to give the best evidence as to desirable *standard* practice. This comparison of actual conditions of use, with the standards of consumption approved by the best available authority, makes the book of interest to the lay reader who is merely curious as to the world which is, and the world which might be. The everyday home problems of food, clothing, shelter, and furnishings, are made to assume national importance, and shown to be worthy of the most thoughtful attention.

To those who are accustomed to find worth only in "pure science" and "pure economics," and to cling to "cultural" or "academic" evaluation of courses, many of the conclusions of the author will seem destructive and revolutionary, but to others who feel the need of closer relation between educational subject matter and the daily problems of life, it is hard to imagine that this book can fail to be an inspiration. It certainly must prove a source of practical subject matter which was not before available except to a student with opportunity and desire for extensive research such as that which Mr. Harap has devoted to this book. In addition to these educational fields of usefulness, the author feels that the general information and practical advice which it contains made his book "a manual for the consumer, and a reference book for the home."

The field of practical economics of consumption has been centered in a new way; it is inconceivable that others will not go on and translate more of the essential principles into language and subject matter which can become a commodity for the consumption of the people who are not trained in pure economic theory.

A Great Benefactor

WILLIAM CRAWFORD GORGAS. HIS LIFE AND WORK. By MARIE D. GORGAS and BURTON G. HENDRICK. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1924. $5.

Reviewed by E. C. BECKWITH

THE life work of General Gorgas was of so vast a magnitude, its achievements of a permanence so broad and far-reaching in effect, that there is no parallel of it in the annals of medical science which record the victories of men over epidemic disease. His biography, an able, restraiined, and carefully balanced work by Mrs. Gorgas and Mr. Hendrick, reveals, with comprehensive clarity, the man in patient pursuit of his arduous labors and the human being of inherently lovable personality. In their portrait of him there is deserved admiration, even enthusiasm, but these are tempered by exactitude of truth and knowledge. The authors seem to have followed with unerring skill their subject's example of habitual modesty, and yet their completed characterization erects the impressive reality of an altruist and physician whose stature is of heroic proportions.

His rôle, during 1917-18, as Surgeon General of the Army, and earlier in less exalted rank, was one which required him to safeguard and maintain the physical well-being of numerous men. Essentially a soldier of peace, his lifelong creative battle was fought against the scourge of yellow fever. In Havana, after the Spanish War, Gorgas was the first to give credence to the convictions of Dr. Carlos Finlay that the incessant presence there of yellow fever was caused by a species of mosquito and not by the unsanitary living conditions which then prevailed in the city. The investigations of the Walter Reed Yellow Fever Commission, adopting Finlay's theories, found the source of the disease to be that which he maintained, but it was Gorgas who initiated and carried to success the actual rescue of the city from the plague. Skilled as they were, his co-workers seemed helpless outside the laboratory. It is irrefutable that he was the driving creative force of all the practical and beneficent work which followed. But characteristic of him was his disclaim of credit for the epoch marking victory when, in later days, to the praise of admirers he would reply: "I was only following in the footsteps of a great man." In Havana he perfected a mastery of scientific sanitation by which, virtually alone, he was to rid forever the afflicted regions of the earth from yellow fever. Had there been no Gorgas to cleanse the deadly Panama jungles, it seems probable there would be no Panama Canal today. For without his work of sanitation, the cost in human life would have been 3,500 deaths from fever annually for the years of the waterway's construction, a toll which our Government would have been unwilling to pay for the completion of the enterprise.

History has already established that Gorgas will live as one of the supreme men of his time and his profession. This eloquent volume, which is both a tribute and a history, it seems to us fulfils the most exacting standards for the perfect biography of a great man.

Harper Books

The Winner of the Harper Prize Novel Contest for 1925

The Perennial Bachelor

By Anne Parrish

Some comments on this distinguished and beautiful novel:
"A story with color, with lovely paragraphs and sly twists of humor, painting a real group of people, an illuminating picture of American life."—*New York Herald-Tribune.* "The most delicious book I have read in years."—*Charles G. Norris.* "What a lovely book! It had me breathless, page after page."—*Robert Nathan.* "One of the best I have read."—*"F. P. A."* in the *New York World.* "We could read it over again tomorrow."—*New York Post.* *$2.00*

The Kenworthys

By Margaret Wilson
Author of "The Able McLaughlins"

Again Margaret Wilson has written a novel of real people who live and love, who meet life fairly and squarely. Sidney Williams in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* said: "One feels with the Kenworthys a sense of intimacy, as if the author supplemented information concerning persons always known. That is art." *$2.00*

At the Sign of the Goat and Compasses

By Martin Armstrong

"We hereby bestow upon the publishers one of those clichés they love to touch. 'At the Sign of the Goat and Compasses' is one of the most beautiful novels we have read, not this season, but this year. Armstrong manifests a composure in creation, a lightness in touch, an effortless effectiveness in beauty which must make his book the despair of the strivers."—*New York World.* *$2.00*

HARPER & BROTHERS
Established 1817

See Harper's Magazine for Announcements of the Better Schools and Colleges

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

McBRIDE BOOKS

Mr. Petre

by HILAIRE BELLOC with 22 illustrations by G. K. CHESTERTON

Was Mr. Petre really Mr. Petre or some one else? And was he *the* Mr. Petre—the great John K.? And who was John K., anyway? Mr. Belloc's answer to these questions provides much merriment. $2.50 net

WEEK-END

by CHARLES BRACKETT

"He writes more entertainingly about smart and blase folk than anybody we can think of this hot afternoon except a fellow named Arlen."—*Frank Sullivan in the N. Y. World.* $1.75 net

H. L. MENCKEN

by ERNEST BOYD

Is Mr. Mencken the anti-Christ of contemporary literature, as his enemies have described him? Or is he a genial, somewhat sentimental, more or less 100 per cent American, forced into rebellion by an excessive love of his compatriots? Mr. Boyd arises to reply in this discriminating appraisal. $1.00 net

A LITTLE BOOK OF CALIFORNIA MISSIONS

C. F. Saunders tells of their history and romantic charm, with 24 illustrations from photographs. $1.00 net

THE GOBLINS OF HAUBECK

By Alberta Bancroft. An exceptionally charming story for younger readers. Illustrated, $1.50 net

At all bookstores. Add 6% for postage when ordering by mail

ROBERT M. McBRIDE & COMPANY, *Publishers*
New York

How the French Boy Learns to Write

By ROLLO W. BROWN

"This stimulating, really constructive, not-too-academic book should be read by every teacher of English who has an adequate conception of the great importance of his work."—*Journal of Education.* "The most useful book on education that has yet been printed in this country."—*The Outlook.* "A model of method, written with clearness and ease, dealing with expression in an expressive and pointed way."—*New Republic.* Fifth Impression now ready. *$1.50 a copy*

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
2 RANDALL HALL, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The most modern and ingenious study of Ibsen in English

The Modern Ibsen

By HERMAN J. WEIGAND
University of Pennsylvania

A brilliant interpretation of Ibsen's twelve greatest social dramas, analyzing the psychological motivation of the main characters and tracing the influence of Ibsen's personal experiences in his famous creations.

$3.75 *at all booksellers*

HENRY HOLT & CO.
19 West 44th Street
New York City

Politic: ooks in France

HENRI HERTZ

THE political books of the hour in France are concerned less with theory and with the immediate conditions of the day than with history. Their writers are less inclined to present principles and formulas on which there has been a plentitude during the last century and a half than they are to draw up the balance sheet of history. And since for the past decade French life has been dominated by external events and influences, it is rather toward the outside than toward domestic matters that the historians of the moment are addressing themselves.

So far as books of pure social and political discussion go, those that deal with suggestions for the remodelling or changing of the original French republicanism have stranded. Towards 1910 it was thought—I thought it myself—that a French form of socialism differing from the Marxian might be established under the direction of the great economist and writer, Proudhon. But it did not come to pass. Public sentiment did not react to it. Proudhon circles, to be sure, were organized, and a Proudhon Society came into being, but Proudhon was more courted by the aristocratic and monarchcial groups which were interested in reorganization than by the democratic. "Joseph Prudhomme" could not acclimatize himself to "Joseph Proudhon." At the present time the socialist movement in France is dominated by foreign ideas, either the old Marxist ideas in their original form, or the new Marxist ideas, in the form and application in which they prevail in Russia today. The importance which Russia has acquired through the oblique influence which it exerts upon the tendencies of the advanced parties and the direct pressure it brings to bear upon the militant organizations, is considerable. As a result a large number of books on Russia, some of them written by Russians, others by Frenchmen, continue to appear in France.

A new edition has just been issued of Edouard Herriot's "La Nouvelle Russie" (Ferenczi), with which it is interesting to compare de Monzie's "Terra Clausa" a volume that appeared during about the same period, as the result of a similar voyage of inquiry, and which won similar celebrity. Rightly or wrongly (the condition of affairs makes any positive judgment impossible at present) M. de Monzie and M. Herriot applied themselves to the cause of renewing diplomatic relations with Russia. They dedicated themselves to the task of unravelling the Russian enigma upon which innumerable travellers and innumerable books had offered divergent and contradictory opinions. I have read a great number of these. It is exceedingly difficult to form an opinion. Are the works of these two men any more convincing than those of others? Russia is a country so vast, in its modern incarnation, so disparate, and in certain aspects so summary, that a rigidly centralized power cannot everywhere produce the same effects or exert the same authority. To know the real Russia it is necessary to make a long sojourn there, to travel through it slowly, in leisurely fashion. A mere glimpse of the Muscovite hearth is not sufficient to get the measure of its distant illumination, of its heat and its fecundity. The visits of Messieurs de Monze and Herriot were necessarily rapid, limited in scope, and their investigations therefore very incomplete.

But they had the advantage—and it is a merit common to both of them and to their books of having been consistently animated by the most disinterested and generous curiosity. No partisan spirit colored their investigation. They were inspired by the same intellectual enthusiasm, by the same reasonable and courageous spirit, that moved Diderot and directed the beneficent enterprise of the Encyclopædists. They have proved themselves worthy heirs of their great percursors and faithful servitors of the noblest French republican tradition.

Having become, one of them President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the other the founder of the Committee for Franco-Russian studies and later Minister of Finance and Minister of Public Instruction, they strove to justify the optimism of their impressions, by a new orientation of the political affairs of which they had charge. In so doing they ran into many obstacles. Have events justified their preliminary confidence? Whatever may develop, their works bear witness to their good will and to the loyalty with which they dedicated themselves to an undertaking which no one before them dared to attempt, and which was considered by their predecessors impossible.

It is probable that their attitude was not long in giving support to the new propagandists, as often Russian as French, who drew strength from the presence and encouragement of an official sovietism which openly maintained offices and meeting places in the ancient and long-ruined embassy on Grenell Street. It is even possible that this new and daring literature of which we see the first examples in the publications of the Librairie du Travail, 96 Quai Jemappes, in volumes such as "Lenine de Trotsky." "La Economie de 1871," by Talès, and "L'Economie Capitaliste" of Robert Louzon, may end up by embarrassing and compromising its governmental instigators. Nevertheless even at the cost of some excesses it is an excellent thing that the complicated and difficult Russian problem should be receiving frank and free examination.

An important publication, "Codes de la Russie Soviètique," by M. M. Patouillet and Raoul Dufour, presents an excellent survey of the subject, showing its negative and positive aspects, discussing its practicality, and displaying its points with detachment. It is in the same healthy scientific spirit that the more special writers, whether their desire is to lend support to the existing régime or to show how rich was the past in labor and research, have assembled the elements of the social and political problem as they developed in the past. M. Henri Sée's "La France Economique et Sociale au 18ème Siècle;" "Gaetan Pirou's "Les Doctrines Economiques en France depuis 1870;" Paul Louis's "L'Historie du Socialisme en France depuis la Revolution Jusqu'à Nos Jours" all show a high order of sagacity and great scrupulousness.

Foreign Notes

Readers who would be interested in a study of Richard Wagner's relations with women—his amazingly numerous affairs, serious or trifling—will find M. Louis Barthou's "La Vie Amoureuse de Richard Wagner" (Flammarion) instructive and interesting. The book appears in a collection entitled "Leurs Amours," other volumes having been consecrated to Empress Josephine, Madame de Pompadour, Louis XIV, Casenova, etc., and it is probable that M. Barthou, of the French Academy, wrote the story of Wagner's love intrigues at the request of his publisher. He dedicates it to his wife. Quoting from Wagner's Autobiography he gives extracts from the master's letters—surely the most impassioned and lyrical that have ever been written. It is particularly interesting to see how the super-love music of Tristan was written during his devotion to Mathilde Wesendonck, wife of Otto—an affair which seems to have been honorable on both sides but is difficult to decipher exactly, Wagner's own words clouding the matter. Other documents have helped M. Barthou to elucidate his subject. He gives a clear account of Wagner's relations with Cosima von Bülow, their difficulties, defiance of convention, and final marriage. The author says that Cosima did not inspire him (Wagner) as Mathilde had done, though she protected him and made his great work possible. But as Wagner dictated his Autobiography to Cosima, M. Barthou points out that some of the statements contained in that work are milder than the truth. When a genius as extreme as that of Wagner appears, its path is strewn with sacrifices not only of human convention but of people. M. Barthou's book reflects effectively the lurid light of glory.

In what is hardly more than a pamphlet the brothers Tharaud have recently presented a brilliant and revealing picture of the Spain of today. "Rendezvous Espagnols" (Paris: Plon), is the result of a visit to Madrid during the course of which they saw all phases of life, even obtaining entrance to the presence of the King. Their analysis and description of the conditions and mood that prevail in present-day Spain are revealing and vivid to a degree rarely attained.

By the Author of MANSLAUGHTER

Alice Duer Miller's

New Novel

THE RELUCTANT DUCHESS

The sprightly romance of impetuous Jacqueline, who was all ready to marry the Duke, when she discovered that the match had been prearranged. She rebels, but the Duke has a few tricks of his own.

$1.75 *at booksellers.*

DODD, MEAD & CO., N. Y.

W. J. LOCKE'S

charming romance of a genius and a wilful lady.

THE GREAT PANDOLFO

$2.00 *at booksellers.*

DODD, MEAD & CO., N. Y.

By Edwin Balmer

Author of "Fidelia," etc.

THAT ROYLE GIRL

A stirring novel of contrasts—Chicago office girl, furnished room nomad and a young lawyer of ancient New England lineage and tradition. "The story thunders to a thrilling climax. Mr. Balmer is a master of plot and a story teller of compelling power."—Gene Markey in *Chicago Herald Examiner.*

$2.00 *at booksellers.*

DODD, MEAD & CO., N. Y.

60,000 COPIES IN SIX WEEKS!

Glorious Apollo

By E. BARRINGTON

The amazing romance of Lord Byron, lover, gallant, bon vivant and poet.

"A great book. As a biography, and as a story, the masterpiece is immense."—*Boston Transcript.*

$2.50 *at booksellers.*

DODD, MEAD & CO., N. Y.

Suzanne Lenglen

The world's champion woman tennis player explains her method of play in her valuable new book, *Lawn Tennis.* Illustrated. $2.00

Jim Barnes

The British open champion of 1925 tells how to improve your game in his new book, *A Guide to Good Golf.* Illustrated. $2.00

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
443 Fourth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Foreign Literature

Spanish Sonnets

DE FUERTEVENTURA A PARIS. By MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO. Paris: Editorial Excelsior.

By WILFRED A. BEARDSLEY
Goucher College

THIS book could be entitled "Blood and Sand" as appropriately as the one written a number of years ago by Blasco Ibánez, sand from the desert-like island of Fuerteventura where Unamuno spent several months of political exile, and blood from the author's own heart. Into these 103 sonnets and *explicaciones* Unamuno has written all his sufferings, his longings, and all the poignant love which he bears Spain.

Of course, Don Miguel as his friends call Unamuno, points the accusing finger at the Directorate for spilling so much blood in Africa and Spain. He flays his arch-enemy, Primo de Rivera, in page after page of vitriolic prose and verse. King Alfonso XIII receives his due share of biting verbiage, but whether Unamuno is praying or cursing, weeping or exulting, he has at least the supreme gift of sincerity.

There is little humor in the relation of Unamuno to Primo de Rivera. It is a pitifully Quixotic fight, but a glimmer of sardonic humor crept in when the Dictator wrote *Le Quotidien* in answer to charges made by Unamuno against himself and his government. He wanted Unamuno back in Spain *exento de pasión.* If Primo de Rivera were subtle enough—which assuredly he is not—we should take it that he wanted Unamuno "dead" when he wrote "exento de pasion," since passion is the corner-stone of Unamuno's life, his literature, his philosophy and his religion.

The importance of the book on the political side is not great. Don Miguel gives facts, dates, and anecdotes illustrating the degradation of the Directorate, always referring to Primo de Rivera as the *Ganso Real* (the Royal Gander), but many of these things we knew before, and the rest will probably have no visible effect on the fate of the Directorate. It is the poetry itself which is most worth studying.

It was said of another collection of Unamuno sonnets ("Rosario de Lonetos Líricos") that he should have chosen them more carefully, as all gradations between the mediocre and the truly inspired were included beside each other. The same applies to "De Fuerteventura a Paris." Those of us who are devoted to Unamuno's best work might well wish that some of these—usually the ones with which he bombards his enemies—had been relegated to a family scrap-book, as he sometimes descends to the unnecessarily vulgar.

Unamuno has never thought it honest to pick over his work and show only the best to the public. He gives it all, and the public can choose what it likes. In this book of sonnets he still shows his oldtime hatred of the professional stylist who employs elegance and discrimination to say something of no importance. Unamuno offers intensity of thought and vividness of passion. He paints stark pictures, yet he takes a scholar's delight in linguistic *nuances.* His sonnets cover every conceivable subject, from the funeral of a Spanish child in Paris to killing time with solitaire. Emotion ranges accordingly from the utmost tenderness to scorn, anger, and hatred. He reminisces about his early life in Bilboa and later in Salamanca. He expresses the liveliest affection for Fuerteventura and the *majoreros* who dwell there. A real love of the sea and a new sense of the wonderfulness of Nature have come to Unamuno and he pours all this emotion out in sonnets of rare beauty. Those revealing religious experience and his profound love of Spain are also among his best, and it is in these latter types that the permanent value of this collection lies.

After a time Primo de Rivera and Alfonso will be forgotten, since only time is needed to cure Spain's material ills, but time will not destroy the intangible beauty of many of these sonnets in which the poet gives fullest expression to his mystic philosophy and to his passion for life and immortality.

Mr. E. W. Howe is among the best known veterans of the newspaper game, and we expect to hear him called its dean. He habitually defies the infinitive and cleaves it to the chine.

—*The Truth Seeker.*

On Mark Twain

MARK TWAIN ALS LITERARISCHE PERSONLICHKEIT. By FRIEDRICH SCHOENEMANN. Jena: Verlag der Frommanschen Buchhandlung. 1925.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

IT is a little disconcerting to see Mark Twain come under the hand of the German philologist, be made the subject of a *Forschung.* But if the word is forbidding, the thing is not. Herr Schönemann, who knows the United States well, has done a very thorough, and yet lively and challenging piece of criticism, which should do much to destroy the Mark Twain legend as it is believed and propagated in Europe. At one time, as Herr Schönemann points out, the limited view of Mark Twain as a humorist and nothing but a humorist prevailed in the United States and, in the words of William Dean Howells, he was "the man whose name must always embody American humor to human remembrance." American critics have since sufficiently demonstrated the other side of Mark Twain's character, both as man and as writer, but the tradition which with them is a tradition no longer is still strong in Europe, and Herr Schönemann's book deserves credit as being the first systematic attempt, utilizing the results of American criticism and research, to show the broader, less familiar side of Twain's genius. The writings of Van Wyck Brooks, of Archibald Henderson and others, Twain's autobiographical writings, too, of course, are heavily drawn upon, but the selection of material and its arrangement, and the deductions from it, these are the German critic's own.

In the course of his destruction of the main illustration about Mark Twain Herr Schönemann destroys a number of other misconceptions. His chapter, for example, entitled "Der Unliterarische Mark Twain"—Howells again is responsible for the term "unliterary"—shows what a close student of literature Twain was, and rightly emphasizes the importance of his critical work, in particular his attack on Edward Dowden's "Life of Shelley," with its passionate defence of Harriet. Next Herr Schönemann, with a hint of a little analysis of Twain's personal character and psychology, deals with the anti-romantic element in his writing and outlook on life. Every reader of Mark Twain is probably familiar with his love of and debt to "Don Quixote" and his antipathy to what he called "the Sir Walter disease," the romanticism of Scott, but Herr Schönemann very usefully calls attention to Twain's actual words, as follows:—

> A curious exemplification of the power of a single book for good or harm is shown in the effects wrought by "Don Quixote" and those wrought by "Ivanhoe." The first swept the world's admiration for the mediæval chivalry silliness out of existence, and the other restored it, as far as our South is concerned. The good work done by Cervantes is pretty nearly a dead letter, so effectually has Scott's pernicious work undermined it.

After which we are pretty well prepared for "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur." At the end of the chapter, however, Herr Schönemann shows that this anti-sentimental trait did not make Twain a realist, nor was it incompatible with a strong strain of sentiment, even of romance, as anyone who ponders the nature-passages in "Tom Sawyer" will realize.

Herr Schönemann's two closing chapters deal with Mark Twain as an historical philospher, and with his work as an essayist and critic. The first has some very useful juxtapositions of passages from his work with extracts from Carlyle, the second makes a close examination of Twain's style and the wholesome influence on it of Oliver Goldsmith. In these hundred odd pages it is a new, and almost unknown Mark Twain that is revealed to the German reader, and, one would hope, to many others besides.

One volume in large octavo, running to about 200,000 words would be about the minimum of space the conscientious critical biographer could allow himself in which to interpret Dreiser in relation to the American scene, trace his growth and development, and analyze his completed works individually and as a whole.

—BURTON RASCOE, in *Theodore Dreiser.*

The Eastern Question

THE REAWAKENING OF THE ORIENT AND OTHER ADDRESSES. By SIR VALENTINE CHIROL, YUSUKE TSURUMI, and SIR JAMES ARTHUR SALTER. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1924.

Reviewed by A. D. KALMYKOW

THE connection of these articles written by three different authors is rather loose, except for the fact that they treat all of the unsettled conditions of the world after the Great War, but this does not make them less interesting nor attractive. On the contrary the variety stimulates the attention of the reader. Sir Valentine Chirol is a well known writer. For fifty years or so he studied Asiatic problems, especially the unrest in India and the Near East. He used to start with brisk musketry fire in the columns of the *London Times,* which was sooner or later followed by the heavy artillery thunder of entire volumes treating separately the unrest in Turkey, Egypt, India, or Persia. His arguments are sound, his knowledge of the subject accurate, and besides, he fully shares and is well acquainted with the views of English statesmen, at least so far as conservatives are concerned. His point of view is simple. The East is unfit for proper self government, therefore it must be controlled by the English, who are by far the fittest for this purpose amongst the civilized nations. It seemed all right until the Lausanne conference of 1923. But now . . . Now Sir Valentine is bravely facing the new state of things. The East is no more a battle ground of European powers, quarelling about oriental spoils. The East wants to be autonomous and even independent. Can it succeed? The author seems doubtful. There are two questions: can a country like Turkey achieve its economical development without the help of Greeks, Armenians, and Levantines generally. Mustapha Kemal (whom I personally know) replies in the affirmative, Sir Valentine is sceptical. The second question is the possibility of political and military complications with a racial hatred in the background. Chirol is pessimistic. Some people are not, and we are rather on their side. The questions of Egypt and India are treated in the same spirit. Both countries suffer from unrest sometimes of an acute character. We are confident of the wisdom and success of the English liberal rule. Sir V. Chirol is less so. For him the epoch of the veiled autocracy of Lord Cromer represents the golden time of Egypt.

Quite different is the atmosphere of the next address on Japanese liberal and labor movements by Yusuke Tsurumi. Here we tread on burning ground. The author gives a rapid survey of the parliamentary history in Japan. It bristles with names unfamiliar to the general reader. Great stress is laid by the author on the result of the coming introduction of universal manhood suffrage. He favors the liberal party which stands midway between conservatives and extremists. Liberalism only can save Japan. The article is written with a sincere almost passionate feeling and contains a wealth of information in a few pages. It is well worth reading by anybody interested in world's politics. And who is not at the present juncture?

The address of Sir James Salter, dispassionate, business-like, both scientific and practical, treats of the economical readjustment of Europe and the necessity of settling its stability both in its financial and political aspects. The author considers the question with the dignified authority of a person whose nation has just established the gold exchange, is ready to pay immediately her liabilities, and commands a conquered sea, surrounding her frontiers. Alas, there are many nations not quite so favored by fate. They are duly warned by the author and shown the way to escape mishap. We do not doubt that the ideas of the author will prove right, but he could show perhaps more clemency to the weakness inherent to human nature in strained conditions.

The three addresses present a very stimulating survey of important events in Europe and Asia. Let us hope this volume will be followed by new ones, as the need for reliable and up-to-date information is keenly felt by the public.

The George D. Smith Book Company, through R. J. C. Lingel, director, announces its removal from its old picturesque quarters on East Forty-Fifth Street, to new quarters, giving additional room for increasing stock,

Delightful Papers by the AUTHOR *of "The Amenities of Book-Collecting"*

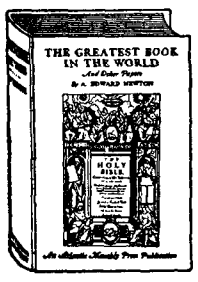
The GREATEST BOOK IN THE WORLD *and Other Papers*

By A. EDWARD NEWTON

A. EDWARD NEWTON is already well known for his "Amenities of Book-Collecting", "A Magnificent Farce", and "Doctor Johnson", his play in which eighteenth-century men and women live again.

"The Greatest Book in the World and Other Papers" deals in part with the interests and joys of book-collecting. "The Greatest Book" is, of course, the Bible, and Mr. Newton knows all the rare editions. Certain chapters are devoted to the fascinations of colored plates and of volumes on sporting.

The chapter on the Godwin-Wollstonecraft-Shelley group will find especially eager readers at this time, when new works on Shelley and Keats are being read. Other chapters treat with enthusiasm the great plays and players, the "shows", the musical comedies, and the popular songs that have captured the public.



To secure a copy of the First Impression of the Trade Edition—profusely illustrated, crown 8vo, half boards, gilt top, $5.00—order from your bookseller at once. The Large Paper Edition (limited to 470 copies, of which 450 were for sale) autographed by the author, with three additional plates in color, has been oversubscribed, but your bookseller may have copies.

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
Publishers, 34 BEACON STREET, *Boston*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAINTE-BEUVE'S

Portraits
of the
Seventeenth Century
and
Portraits
of the
Eighteenth Century

Translated by
George Burnham Ives

As originally issued in English, each of these series of essays by the great French critic occupied two large volumes. Single-volume editions of both are now available, and in their new form these collections should win a wide circle of readers.

C. A. Sainte-Beuve never found subjects more aptly suited to his pen than the great men and women of whom he wrote in these volumes. Their names are history, and as dealt with by him they have passed forever into literature. Among them we find Cardinal de Richelieu; The Abbe de Rance; Comtesse de La Fayette; Louis XIV; Duchesse de La Valliere; Madame de Sevigne, Bossuet, Racine, Moliere and The Princesse des Ursins. Lavishly illustrated.
Each volume, $6.00

WINGED DEFENSE

By William Mitchell

The former Assistant Chief of the Air Force U. S. A. drops a bombshell into the lap of complacency with this startling account of America's air service, its development, its opportunities and its inadequacies. Mitchell's record is that of a man who knows his job. When such men speak, it is wise to listen.
Illustrated, $2.50

ENCHANTERS OF MEN

By Ethel Colburn Mayne

Biographical sketches of Diane de Poitiers, Gabrielle D'Estrees, Marie Mancini, Ninon De Lenclos, Sophie Arnould, Jeanne Du Barry, Marie-Antoinette, Pauline Borghese, Marie Taglioni, Jenny Lind, Teresa Gamba Guiccioli, Evelina Hanska, Adah Isaacs Menken, in fact all the famous women whose great personal allure have made their names immortal. The author had no need to color such fascinating material. With 21 illustrations. $5.00

SEX AT CHOICE

By Mrs. Monteith Erskine

This book tells women, in the simplest way, how to regulate the sex of their children. The author has devoted twenty-five years to her subject. $2.00

THE HAPPY FAILURE

By Solita Solano

The story of a young man's struggle and final escape from his stodgy family circle, his humdrum business and his shallow selfish wife. The author is a realist and writes with the same swift straightforward style which marked her first novel, "The Uncertain Feast." $2.00

At all booksellers or at the Putnam Store, 2 West 45th Street

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
New York **London**

The New Books

The books listed in the classified list below are [illegible] received. Those starred will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

THE [illegible] NCIL. By JOHN [illegible]. Houghton Mifflin. 1925.

A [illegible] of a score of years is to have [illegible] philosophic of life. Every [illegible] of a score of poems draws up a "[illegible]." Mr. Drinkwater, poet and dramatist, now submits his volume of poetic criticism.

The first of its three parts, headed "Theory," certainly fulfils the author's prefatory admission of inconsistency for in one embrace we find doctrine from Aristotle and from Croce. The Ancient Altars, of the second part, receive but a meagre offering of genuine criticism. The last section, which deals with poets contemporary or recent, is quickened, we suspect, by a livelier personal interest, but Mr. Drinkwater does not allow friendly enthusiasm to play traitor to his critical sense. He may devote over thirty pages to the minor poet William Cory and barely three to A. E. Housman and still he knows their places. Occasionally he throws off a well modeled epigram or a finely drawn definition, fair fruit of an excellent literary craftsmanship. Of three or four poets, particularly Alice Meynell and Edwin Arlington Robinson, he writes acutely and knowingly.

Seldom, however, does Mr. Drinkwater stimulate any searching reflection throughout his book. He rarely fathoms his subject. At times he indulges in a little critical splashing but he prefers the milder pleasure of dabbling in literary causerie. The fault is common with poet-critics; only the exception, as with Goethe, is at once a good creator and a good critic. Most poets naturally enough have a much higher regard for their poetry than for criticism and when they turn to critical work in a moment of recreation they do not accept the responsibility of a serious critic. They fail usually to "see life steadily and see it whole," through the medium of criticism, though they may have a fine taste and a stable judgment.

Unlike the poet, the critic to be interesting must either be profound or sensational. Mr. Drinkwater is in this book neither.

FALSE PROPHETS. By JAMES M. GILLIS. Macmillan. 1925. $2.

Twelve of the fourteen essays of this volume deal with Shaw, Wells, Freud, Doyle, Nietzsche, Haeckel, Twain, and France, considering their literary productions from the narrow but well-defined viewpoint of Catholic doctrine. G. B. S., instead of being allowed his interpretation of the universe as a concomitant of rational observation, is pilloried for his "pessimism." Mark Twain's face to face scrutiny of this world is styled "the depths of despondency." Though few literary readers or thoughtful adults will agree with the premises and conclusions of this essayist, all of them will be interested in the apparent fairness of his considerations and at times (mainly upon topics not entirely pertinent to his lines of development) stimulated by the rightness of his views, as for instance, in his resumé of the spiritualistic extravagances of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The style of the volume varies from excellent informative exposition to the most obvious journalese. The last two essays are "The Revival of Paganism," and "Back to Christ—or Chaos," titles which plainly enough indicate the dogmatic essence of the articles.

JOHNSON THE ESSAYIST: HIS OPINIONS ON MEN, MORALS, AND MANNERS. By O. F. CHRISTIE. Doran. 1925.

This is another of the numerous books provoked by converse with the sturdy genius of the Great Lexicographer. For he was not only the maker of books himself, but for a century and a half he has been the cause of book-making in others—today more than ever. To revel in Johnson or Boswell is, sooner or later, to reach involuntarily for one's pen.

The present instance is chiefly a compilation of extracts from the *Rambler*, the *Adventurer*, and the *Idler*, elaborately classified, to show Johnson's opinions on all sorts of things, and accompanied with the editor's comment and marginal quotations from the "Life." The prefatory chapter on Johnson's Style and Mannerisms contains little that is not obvious.

Dipping and skimming among these excerpts will amuse the Johnsonian, though he will gain a better notion of Johnson's performance as an essayist by considering the essays unmutilated, as he may conveniently do in Dr. Hill's charming anthology.

The editor aims "to lure the Boswellian-Johnsonians . . . into new paths of enjoyment, and to convince them that they may find in the Essays wit and wisdom equal to the wit and wisdom they have tasted in Johnson's familiar conversation." But even distilled into two hundred pages this earlier wit and wisdom only hints here and there the pungent vigor of the conversation and the "Lives of the Poets."

Johnson said that no one but a blockhead would write except for money and he was no blockhead. Forced to turn out these essays at short and regular intervals, he inevitably wrote many, perhaps most of them, "doggedly." They are largely excellent specimens of uninspired journalism, produced while Johnson still labored in want and bitterness of heart. For these very reasons they will bear less oracular weight than Mr. Christie, on the whole, is prone to give them.

IDIOT MAN. By *Charles Ricket*. Brentanos. $2.

CONTEMPORARY STUDIES. By *Charles Baudouin*. Dutton. $5.

THE MODERN IBSEN. By *Herman Weigand*. Holt. $3.

WANDERINGS AND EXCURSION. By *J. Ramsay MacDonald*. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.

THE WRITERS OF GREECE. By *Gilbert Norwood*. Oxford University Press. $1 net.

ROBERT BROWNING: HUMANIST. By *A. Compton Rickett*. Dial Press. $1.50.

ESSAYISTS PAST AND PRESENT. By *J. B. Priestley*. Dial Press. $1.50.

THE STORY OF MAN'S WORK. By *William R. Hayward and Gerald W. Johnson*. Minton, Balch. $3.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE POET SHELLEY. By *Edward Carpenter* and *George Barnefield*. Dutton. $2.

HILLS AND THE SEA. By *Hilaire Belloc*. London: Methuen.

STILL MORE PREJUDICE. By *A. B. Walkley*. Knopf. $2.75 net.

LIFE'S LITTLE PITFALLS. By *A. Maude Royden*. Putnam. $1.25.

THEODORE DREISER. By *Burton Rascoe*. McBride. $1 net.

VIRGINITUS PUERISQUE. (Longman's Library). By *Robert Louis Stevenson*. Dutton. 80 cents.

AMERICAN POETRY AND PROSE. Edited by *Norman Foerster*. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

Biography

THE QUEEN OF COOKS—AND SOME KINGS (The Story of Rosa Lewis). Recorded by MARY LAWTON. Boni & Liveright. 1925. $3.

The complete picture of one woman's life lies in the pages of this book. It is told in her own words, with directness, naiveté, and mature wisdom. It must have taken skilful editing on Miss Lawton's part to keep the narrative so fresh and simple. For it is more than mere "reminiscences" of high points in Rosa Lewis's life—it is a vital document, recording in detail the growth of a little girl of mediocre parentage from the position of scullery-maid to the unique honor of being recognized as the foremost cook in England. How did Rosa Lewis accomplish this rise? In the first place by having vigorous self-confidence and will-power. "I knew that I could do anything I willed to do," she said. Also, "I did everything *myself*, then I knew it would be all right."

Rosa Lewis could not, no matter what she did, have remained obscure. . . . Her first ambition was to be a teacher. Lacking the opportunity to train herself for that, and impatient of being a dependent at home, she took the first job that she could get—scullery-maid in the home of the Comte de Paris, a political expatriate living in England.

Her conscientious talent for cooking was quickly recognized. She began to do private catering, going herself to houses where a dinner was to be served, planning the menu and preparing every dish with her own hands. Soon she became indispensable on occasions when royalty was to be entertained—because no one else knew so well what the king or the prince or Lord X liked to eat and how it should be cooked. Her vogue grew until she had a staff working under her. Still she did the important things herself. She would do anything, even to scrubbing the doorstep at the last minute, if there were danger of the royal

(*Continued on next page*)

Dutton's

NEW BOOKS FOR YOUNGER READERS

Dr. M. V. O'SHEA (Univ. of Wis.) writes: "E. P. Dutton & Co. are constantly publishing original, interesting and valuable books for children."

SHEN OF THE SEA
Chinese Stories for Children
By ARTHUR BOWIE CHRISMAN
Wise and witty, broadening the mind. Illustrated with silhouettes. $2.50

The Boys' Book of Ships
By CHARLES E. CARTWRIGHT
Exceedingly comprehensive and very fully illustrated. $2.00

The Sly Giraffe
By LEE WILSON DODD
Charming whimsies, illustrated by Clarence Day. $2.00

Piccolo Pomi
By ANTONIO BELTRAMELLI
Translated from the Italian; at once amusing and pathetic, wholly appealing. $2.00

NEW BOOKS OF BIOGRAPHICAL INTEREST

Hesketh Prichard
By ERIC PARKER
The story of a wide-traveled sportsman, intrepid explorer and all-round man. $5.00

Memories of Forty-Eight Years' Service
By Gen. Sir HORACE SMITH-DORRIEN
The story of a military career ranging from the Zulu War through his command of the Second British Army in France. $8.00

A Prime Minister and His Son
Correspondence of the 3rd Earl of Bute. Many of these letters are from a son in command of a regiment during the war of the American Revolution. $6.00

From President to Prison
By F. OSSENDOWSKI
Further chapters in the amazingly adventurous life of this well-known scientist. $3.00
His two earlier vols. are MAN AND MYSTERY IN ASIA, and BEASTS, MEN AND GODS
New popular editions, each $2.00

THE TODAY AND TOMORROW SERIES
New Volumes

Lysistrata
By ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI
A man's view of the dangerous trend of modern feminism.

Hypatia
By MRS. BERTRAND RUSSELL
A spirited answer to the above from an extreme feminist.

Proteus By VERNON LEE
A consideration of the real nature of intelligence.

Perseus
By H. F. SCOTT STOKES
"Of dragons" is the subtitle suggesting many amusing analogies. To this series "small in size but tremendous in importance," belong "Daedalus" and "Callinicus," by Haldane; "Icarus" and "What I Believe," by Bertrand Russell: "Quo Vadimus?" by d'Albe; "The Passing of the Phantoms," by Patten; "Tantalus," by Schiller, and other authoritative expressions of the very latest thing in modern thought.
Each, $1.00

Send for a list of our Fall Books and for our catalogue of children's books.

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY
681 Fifth Ave., New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OXFORD BOOKS

Lady Susan, by Jane Austen. Written about 1805. First published in 1871. Now reprinted from the manuscript. Net, $2.50. Limited edition printed on hand-made paper. Net, $7.00.

This collection of letters, written on paper bearing the watermark 1805, was preserved in Miss Austen's family, and in 1871 it was published by Mr. J. E. Austen Leigh in the second edition of his *Memoir* of his Aunt. It is now reprinted from the autograph in the possession of the Earl of Rosebery; and a correct and unmodernized text is for the first time given to the public. Both editions are uniform with *Sanditon*, of which the large-paper edition is exhausted and the ordinary edition went to a second impression within a fortnight.

Life in Mediaeval France, by Joan Evans. Net, $5.25.

Miss Evans describes the background of the mediaeval history of France—likening history to a great tapestry.

Travel in England in the Seventeenth Century, by Joan Parkes. Net, $7.00.

An account of the roadways and riverways of England, and the sea routes; the conveyances used; the accommodation of travellers; and the perils and pleasures of travel in the seventeenth century. The book is fully illustrated, chiefly from contemporary engravings.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
American Branch
33 W. 32d St., New York

"A Gem of A Story!"

The ANNAM JEWEL

by PATRICIA WENTWORTH

Author of "The Red Lacquer Case" and "The Astonishing Adventure of Jane Smith"

$2 SMALL-MAYNARD AND COMPANY ~ BOSTON $2

you can make books ~ your servants ~

Books are more than a luxury; they can be made to earn your living. There is much that is romantic about bookselling, in atmosphere and associations, but there is more that is practical and profitable. Without great outlay, bookselling yields a good income.

If you are considering opening a shop of your own, tell us what you wish to do and what assets you have. We shall be glad to give you, at no charge, the advantage of many years of book experience.

BOOK SALES PROMOTION BUREAU
Room 321, 55 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

The New Books

Biography

(*Continued from preceding page*)

visitor's coming upon a dirty door-step. Eventually she became the proprietor of a hotel, the Cavendish, in Jermyn Street, London. There she rose to her greatest fame, for her hotel was the center of London's conservative social life

But this was all before the World War. The war was a cataclysm to Rosa Lewis; not only because it took by death many of her dear friends, but because it changed, before her eyes, the whole atmosphere of civilization. The war commercialized everything—especially service. She still has the Cavendish hotel, but her spirit is broken by what seems to her the utter callousness of this modern age. She laments the old days when democracy was unthinkable.

Fiction

SEIBERT OF THE ISLAND. By GORDON YOUNG. Doran. 1925. $2.

From its setting, and from a few of its chief character-types, one might almost believe that Jack London had written this story, except that Mr. London would have molded the same material into a much more powerful and convincing tale. The action, for the most part, takes place on a small island of the South Seas, where illicit love, intrigue, piracy, and romance combine to furnish the reader a maximum number of thrills. The dominant figure, Adolph Seibert, a successful planter of German extraction, exhibits an odd mixture of brutality, simplicity, good-nature, and dogged bull-headedness—qualities which have a direct bearing on the shaping of the plot. His character has been portrayed rather cleverly, and entitles the author to a degree of credit. Mr. Young has a graphic and highly colored style, calculated to entertain a reader of not too critical tastes. An occasional clumsiness in sentence structure detracts somewhat from the enjoyment that the book might have for a person of discrimination.

THE GILDED ROSE. By *May Christie*. Putnam. $2.

THE HAPPY FAILURE. By *Solita Solano*. Putnam. $2.

ZATTHU. By *Edmund H. Sears*. Cornhill. $2.

FREE. By *Elizabeth Irons Folsom*. Macaulay. $2 net.

A LADY OF NEW ORLEANS. By *Edwina Levin MacDonald*. Macaulay. $2 net.

CAPTAIN SALVATION. By *Frederick William Wallace*. Minton, Balch. $2.

AKIBA. By *Marcus Lehmann*. New York: Jewish Forum Publishing Co.

A FOUNTAIN SEALED. By *Anne Douglas Sedgwick*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

Foreign

AUTOUR D'EMERSON. By *Henri Michaud*. Paris: Bossard.

LE PROBLEME DE REGIONALISME. By *Henri Hauser*. Yale University Press.

LE REVITAILLEMENT DE LA BELGIQUE. By *Albert Henry*. Le Presses Universitaires de France. (Yale University Press).

LE SACRIFICE DE PAUL CLERMONT. By *Warrington Dawson*. Paris: Perrin.

FRENCH SHORT STORIES. Selected by *T. B. Rudmore-Brown*. Oxford University Press. $1.20.

Government

APPEAL TO AMERICANS. Republic Reforms. By *Desha Denton*. American Library Service. $3.50.

THE HOME OFFICE. By *Sir Edward Troup*. Putnam. $2.

THE MORAL STANDARDS OF DEMOCRACY. By *Henry Wilkes Wright*. Appleton. $3.

INTRODUCTION TO AMERICAN GOVERNMENT. By *Frederic A. Ogg* and *P. Orman Ray*. Century. $3.75 net.

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP. By *Carl D. Thompson*. Crowell. $3 net.

History

THE HISTORY AND LITERATURE OF CHRISTIANITY FROM TERTULLIAN TO BOETHIUS. By PIERRE DE LABRIOLLE. Translated from the French by HERBERT WILSON. Knopf. 1925.

This is Vol. V. of "The History of Civilization," a series of some 200 volumes actual and proposed, of which seven out of the twelve thus far published are translations from the French series entitled "L'Evolution de l'Humanité." If the remainder of the French series equals the work of Professor Labriolle its standard will be high. He brings to his task of tracing the growth of the Latin literature of the Church from 200 to 550 A. D. a wealth of learning judiciously subordinated to human interest in lucid French style. The result is to make these neglected ecclesiastical writers of the period of Rome's decadence live again in the imagination of the reader. It is a pity so excellent a writing should deteriorate so sadly in translation. Mr. Wilson suffers from two weaknesses as a translator, one an inability to write English the other an inability to understand French. Mere ignorance of the subject matter was perhaps to be expected, hence the reader has perhaps no right to complain if he must do his own translating of the names of well known ecclesiastical writers such as Eusebius, Lactantius, and the like (who appear as "Eusèbe," "Lactance," etc.), but why should Old Testament references appear in the form "Josué" "Isaias," "Jeremias," etc.? Why should the new Academy appear as "the new Academe," and Apollonius of Tyana take a place in the French aristocracy as "de" Tyana? A good proof-reader might have corrected the frequent blunders of spelling but skill and learning suited to first-class translation are unfortunately obtainable in these days at a starvation wage. It is inexcusable that an American firm of publishers should treat the rendering of Labriolle's scholarly volume as if it were a mere job to be turned over to the office boy.

PREHISTORIC MAN: A General Outline of Prehistory. By JACQUES DE MORGAN. Knopf. 1925.

This volume is one of a series in the French "L'Evolution de l'Humanite." Its translation into English forms a part of a series "The History of Civilization," edited by C. K. Ogden. It is probably a good thing for the science of Prehistory that it can be and is approached by so many avenues. The historic is only one of many approaches; it is the one which the author makes use of, and if the volume has shortcomings, lack of familiarity with some of the other methods of approach might well be assigned as a contributing cause.

Another cause, perhaps even more serious, is reflected in the nature of the Bibliography listed at the end of this volume. This bibliography is made up of three parts: Periodicals, General Works, and Special Works. The periodicals which are listed simply by name and with date of first issue, cannot be considered as a criterion of the up-to-date quality of the particular articles which might have been utilized by the author. When it comes to general and special works, the case is different; the date of issue means everything. A new work of a general character in a fast-growing science can well afford to give credit to pioneer works in the same field even if these have become antiquated. With the more recent works, there is no choice; they simply must not be ignored if the author's bibliography is to reflect the sources on which he has drawn.

There are fifty-six works listed in the bibliography under "General Works" and "Special Works"; the date of publication is not given in eighteen. Of the thirty-eight in which the date is given, twenty-one were published prior to 1900 and seventeen in 1900 and later. Again, of the thirty-eight dated publications, twenty-one were published prior to 1890, and only one in the last dozen years (Boule's "Les Hommes Fossiles"). One scans the list in vain for the names of Breuil,* Capitan, Commont, Henri Martin, Peyrony, de Saint-Périer, among French authors; Obermaier in Spain; Burkitt, Macalister, R. A. Smith, Sollas, in England; R. R. Schmidt, Wiegers, in Germany; and Bächler, Schenck, Viollier, and Vouga in Switzerland.

Failure to make use of a great mass of recent literature on the subject also becomes apparent when one examines the author's text. He fails to recognize the necessity of stratigraphy as a basis for the classification of stone-age cultures. It is true that the so-called *coup-de-poing* may be found in three successive epochs of the Paleolithic Period, just as some fossil animal forms persist through a series of epochs. The best the author can do is to classify it as of the Paleolithic Period, to which may be given the added designation of type: Chellean, Acheulian, or Mousterian as the case may be. But why ignore the fact that the Chellean type occurs in the sands and gravels beneath the ancient loess, that the Acheulian type (or types) occurs in the ancient loess, and that the Mousterian type belongs in the recent loess? What better classificatory data can one demand than a succession of types corresponding with a succession of geological deposits?

The attempt to do away with the Chellean, Acheulian, and Mousterian Epochs may have influenced the author in his decision to rob the Paleolithic Period of its last three epochs which he has given to a new period called the "Archeolithic." The author rightly retains the old nomenclature for these three epochs—Aurignacian, Solutrean, and Magdalenian. These three cultures are found stratigraphically above the Mousterian in the recent loess. The recent loess is a geological unit. If the Mousterian of the recent loess belongs to the Paleolithic Period, why should not the Aurignacian, Solutrean, and Magdalenian also belong to the Paleolithic Period?

In the chapter on art we find: "Except for a few deer in stone discovered at Solutré, all the animal representations known at present belong to Magdalenian culture." This is a sweeping statement and would probably be as difficult to substantiate as the following: "The Bison, very frequent in the caves, usually represented in natural size, and sometimes in large herds, is . . ."

The volume deals briefly with the Mesolithic, Neolithic, Bronze, and Iron Age cultures. Short chapters are devoted to hunting, fishing, animal domestication and agriculture, dress and ornament, etc. The work is confined solely to the cultural evolution of man leaving the problems of physical evolution and race to be treated in a later volume and by a different author. The reader should not overlook the interesting foreword by Henri Berr. The translation is by J. H. Paxton and V. C. C. Collum.

THE CHRISTIAN RENAISSANCE. By *Albert Hyma*. Century. $4.

THE JESUIT MARTYRS OF NORTH AMERICA. By *John J. Wynne*. New York: Universal Knowledge Foundation. $1.50.

BORZOI BOOKS

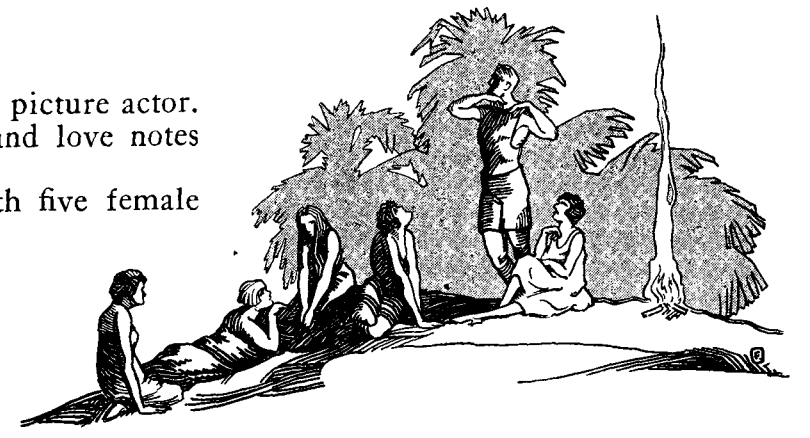
The Handsomest Man

in the world was Mark Antoine, a moving picture actor. Sated with adoration, limelight, flowers and love notes he fled to a desert island.
Only to find himself marooned there with five female worshippers and . . .

THE HAVEN

by Dale Collins

$2.50



firecrackers

by CARL VAN VECHTEN

"Mr. Van Vechten's business, and he knows it very well, is to write a first-rate light novel, dedicated to the amusement of those sufficiently enlightened to prefer the gay to the sober. His superb critical sense sends the story along at breathless speed."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

"His extremely individualistic pages lead one on easily and irresistibly. One becomes a participant, almost an accomplice."—Henry B. Fuller in *The Saturday Review.* $2.50

A rollicking nose-thumbing rogue of a book."—N. Y. World.

THE RELIC

by Eca de Queiroz

"He has us straining to keep up with the modernity of his thought, impressed by the purity and imagery of his style, above all fascinated by the rapier-like thrust of his satire and convulsed by his hilarious comedy."—*N. Y. Times.* $2.50

Alfred A. Knopf, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York

In Canada from The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd., St. Martin's House, Toronto

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WORLD OF THE INCAS. By *Odfrid von Hanstein*. Translated by *Anna Barwell*. Dutton. $2.50.

THE DELAWARE FINNS. By *E. A. Louh*. New York: Humanity Press.

ROCHESTER AND COLGATE. By *Jesse Leonard Rosenberger*. University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

THE EMPIRE AT WAR. Edited by *Sir Charles Lucas*. Oxford University Press. $9.35.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By *Edward Channing*. Vol. VI. Macmillan.

ANCIENT AND MODERN ROME. By *Rodolfo Lanciani* (Our Debt to Greece and Rome). Marshall Jones.

THE OLD MOUNT CARMEL PARISH. By *George Sherwood Parish*. Yale University Press. $3.50.

International

STUDIES IN MID-VICTORIAN IMPERIALISM. By C. A. BODELSON. Knopf. 1925.

The future student of the nineteenth century will be no more deeply interested in any of its amazing changes than in that which took place soon after its middle years throughout the British Empire in the meaning of the word "empire" in that name. A historical account of that change from a careful study of the materials which it left behind in its progress, is the purpose of Dr. Bodelson's book. The purpose has been extremely well accomplished, but the use of the word "imperialism" in the title is almost certain to give Americans a wrong impression. The word has many meanings in English, but the needs of our political vocabularies have given it a popular meaning here which tends to rule the others out. We generally take it to mean what the author calls "aggressive nationalism," or the expansion of the domination of the strong over the weaker. Dr. Bodelson's own definition seems hardly to describe fully enough his real subject. He says: "I have used the word Imperialism in one sense only, namely denoting that specifically British movement which aims at preserving and consolidating the unity of the British Empire." At any rate, if the movement is considered not to have ended with the dissolution of the Imperial Federation League, the word as now used of the British Empire has a much broader meaning.

The idea now primarily implied is not conquest but expansion, the expansion of a race outwards from its home lands, which still form a cherished part of the whole, into many quarters of the earth, carrying with it its racial civilization—religion, language, government, and laws, and maintaining, wherever it is, a unity felt and desired alike through all its parts but compelled in one. It is a meaning of the word in which the idea of domination has given place to the idea of trusteeship, trusteeship for others and for itself of achievements of the race believed to have been made with hard struggles in the past and to be worth maintaining at any cost in the future. There is undoubtedly in this history a double transformation, for the dying out of the idea of domination does not necessarily mean the coming in of the idea of trusteeship, but the two have been so closely interwoven in the actual process that it is impossible to separate them, though it is in the first that the author is mainly interested. Nor is it perhaps quite fair to hold Dr. Bodelson responsible for the history of a development which continues down at least to the Peace Conference in Paris. But that really is the history with which he is concerned, and it is as an account of one part of the whole transformation that his book must in the end be judged.

No attempt has before this been made to trace out fully the history of this change in its causes and its progress. It is interesting, however, to note how closely the author follows in plan and argument certain brief sketches of this movement published in this country twenty-five years ago. But as these are mentioned in bibliography only and not in text, it is probable that the agreement is due to independent conclusions from the same material. The book certainly makes use of much new material, throws light on the progress of the movement by many new illustrations, and describes many new details in reaching the same conclusions.

Dr. Bodelson first outlines the growth of the idea which he calls "separatism": the doctrine that colonies are of no real value to the mother country and that they will and ought in due course to become independent. This was the prevailing idea in English colonial government from the American Revolution to about 1870. He shows briefly but accurately that the American Revolution taught no lesson of how to govern colonies but rather tended to strengthen the idea that colonies must inevitably become independent, and that the grant of responsible government made to some of the dominions about the middle of the century was generally felt to be a step towards independence. More fully is indicated the influence of the Manchester school of economists, like Goldwin Smith, and of other writers in the same direction between 1850 and 1860. Then follows an account still more in detail of the turn of the tide, of the general reaction in the public mind both in England and in the colonies against the theories of the separatists, as these seemed about to be put into practical operation by Gladstone's government in 1869 and 1870. This account together with one of the growth of the counter idea of "imperialism," as defined above and as developed by later writers, by public discussion, and in institutions like the Imperial Federation League, completes the book. The history is not continued beyond the dissolution of the League and contains no account of Mr. Lionel Curtis's effort or of the Round Table discussions. One must gratefully acknowledge the thoroughness with which the movement has been studied down to this point, and yet the feeling cannot be escaped that something is lacking. The same lack must very likely always be felt in the history of any movement which is quite as much a change of feeling as of opinion. There is always present in such a movement an intangible spiritual element which escapes the most scientific analysis, and that element has been profoundly active in this transformation in the British Empire and is so today.

NEW ZEALAND (Ao Tea Roa). By WILLIAM PEMBER REEVES and CECIL J. WRAY. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $5.

This encyclopædic classic has now been revised and republished after being 17 years out of print. Certain Americans will buy it for two reasons: first, because it is a peerless reference-book on and history of New Zealand; and second, because it contains a thorough survey of those legislative experiments which have made the "last, loneliest, loveliest" islands quite the first and foremost place where something resembling real democracy on earth is being attempted, in a lovely—though, alas, lonely—way. Nine-tenths of it is written by a man who himself had consistently a leading part in designing several of the famous social innovations that have made New Zealand laws unique among nations. Both Mr. Wray who brings the masterpiece up to date, and Mr. Reeves author of the original work, write in an engagingly simple, direct style, and with open-minded candor. They do not hesitate to point out that for "somehow muddling through" and for "cynically minded opportunism" New Zealand's record of statesmanship almost equals that of its mother and father, John Bull and Britannia.

IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE, 1873-1874. By PHILO A. OTIS. Boston: Badger. 1925.

This book contains the rambling reminiscences of an octogenarian, and is a *pot-pourri* of naïve and discursive data on music, art, and history. The author appears to be a genial old man. His chief avocation is music, and he has written cantatas, songs, and many anthems, besides being one of the founders of what is now the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. During a long and active life he could not but accumulate a fund of information on sundry subjects, and he drew on it at random for the embellishment of an old journal of travel.

Mr. Otis has travelled through all the west and south of Europe, extending his trip even to Egypt, and he records not only the places he visited and the people he met but also whatever anecdotal gossip he gathered on the way. He relates many known and some unknown stories about famous composers, painters, authors, and other people of renown, and he describes famous paintings, churches, buildings, and institutions.

THE RIDDLE OF THE PACIFIC. By *J. Macmillan Brown*. Small, Maynard. $6 net.

SURVEY OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS. By *Arnold J. Toynbee*. Oxford University Press. $9 net.

THE WORLD AFTER THE PEACE CONFERENCE. By *Arnold J. Toynbee*. Oxford University Press. $1.75 net.

THE NEXT WAR. By *Norris F. Hall, Zachariah Chafee, and Manley O. Hudson*. Harvard Alumni Bulletin Press. $1.

EXTRATERRITORIALITY. By *Shih Shun Lu*. Columbia University (Longmans, Green).

FINLAND AND ITS PEOPLE. By *Robert Medill*. McBride. $1.50 net.

THE DAWES PLAN IN THE MAKING. By *Rufus G. Dawes*. B. W. Merrill. $6.

EUROPE TURNS THE CORNER. By *Stanley High*. Abingdon Press. $2.

MISSIONARIES AND ANNEXATION IN THE PACIFIC. By *K. L. P. Martin*. Oxford. $2.

Juvenile

IN ZANZIBAR. By RALPH D. PAINE. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $2.00.

Another rousing Ralph D. Paine story that boys in their teens, especially, will enjoy. The tale recounts the extraordinary adventures of certain members of the crew of the U. S. cruiser "Toledo" during one night spent in Zanzibar. Crammed with action from cover to cover; with plenty of mystery and a good love story combined with the author's usual sea flavor and outdoor atmosphere, this book should be a favorite round the campfire or for foggy evenings by the seashore.

FAIRY TALES FOR WORKERS' CHILDREN. By *Hermina Zur Mühler*. Translated by *Ida Dailes*. Daily Worker Publishing Co., 1113 West Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

JOAN OF ARC. By *Andrew Lang*. London: Jack. $1.

JOHANNA SPYRI'S CHILDHOOD. By *Anna Ulrich*. Crowell. 60 cents net.

SHEN OF THE SEA. By *Arthur Bowie Chrisman*. Dutton. $2.50.

TONTY OF THE IRON HAND. By *Everett McNeill*. Dutton. $2.

PICCOLO POMI. By *Antonio Beltramelli*. Dutton. $2.

MR. MARIONETTE. By *Kathleen Colville*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S COOK BOOK FOR HOME AND CAMP. By *Inez N. McFee*. Crowell. $2 net.

THE TANGRAM BOOK. By *F. Gregory Hartswick*. Simon & Schuster.

THE BOOK OF PIRATES. By *Henry Gilbert*. Crowell. $2.75 net.

TREASURE ISLAND. By *Robert Louis Stevenson*. Crowell. $1.50 net.

STORIES ABOUT BEARS. By *Lilian Gask*. Crowell. $1.50 net.

THE CHILDREN'S CAROL. By *Johanna Spyri*. Crowell. 60 cents net.

A TREASURY OF VERSE FOR LITTLE CHILDREN. Edited by *M. G. Edgar*. Crowell. $1.50 net.

Miscellaneous

SOLDIER AND SAILOR WORDS AND PHRASES. Compiled by EDWARD FRASER and JOHN GIBBONS. Dutton. 1925. $5.

If as men speak, so they are, the vocabulary of the trenches should hold something to reveal to us about the state of mind of the millions of men busily engaged in giving and taking life a few years ago. Edward Fraser and John Gibbons have gathered over three hundred pages of words and expressions current among British troops—a whole little language in itself. The language was indeed highly specialized. "Blanked," "blindo," "blotto," and other words by dozens, found on every third or fourth page, all apply to the state of him who has drunk not wisely but too well. "Buzzed," "huffed," and a generous assortment of other seemingly innocuous words, as well as the better known "gone west" and "napoo," meant "dead or killed." The compilers have brought out the picturesqueness and humor, the perhaps studied triviality, of the wartime slang. The next generation may read in the book an indication that the combatants enjoyed themselves. Certainly it took high spirits to talk their jargon. But the number of euphemisms for sudden death, for aviation disasters, for the different sorts of hostile shells, as distinguished by their audible approach, suggests that men welcomed expressions that disguised realities. War was hell, those back home were told at the time. But that did not settle the highly important question how the participants reacted to it. Jocular expressions no doubt played some part as a palliative, to soften what had to be borne. But does that account for all the waggishness? Or do men engaged in the ancient occupation of fighting still enjoy themselves more than we commonly admit? Those who want light on the question will do well to study the war vocabulary for themselves.

STANDARD ETIQUETTE. By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON. Harpers. 1925. $4.

It is a novelty to see the writer of an etiquette book define etiquette in terms of best policy—instead of considering it, as the majority do, an end in itself. Mrs. Richardson says frankly that it pays to observe the rules of etiquette: pays in success, both business and social, and in personal development; it is the only open door to complete acceptance by the world—unless one is a genius, and even a genius might do well not to neglect the social laws. She presents the voluminous, complex mesh of etiquette as a necessary and rather fascinat-

(*Continued on page 113*)

Speaking of Books

Banking Institutions

have come, in reality, to be very different from the banks described in books; practices have diverged from theories. America has been developing a financial structure to fit American conditions, and this is the first work in English to reconcile American heterodoxies with the fundamental theories of banking. Mr. Mitchell's book is interpretative, rather than descriptive, of these practices. It shows that the newer practices of banks are not inimical to sound banking, and states the principles that are guiding these newer practices. *The Uses of Bank Funds.* By Waldo F. Mitchell. $2.00, postpaid $2.10.

Actual Business Cases

and problems have for some years been compiled at the University of Chicago and issued in pamphlet form. The material of the ten existing pamphlets has now been combined in one volume. *Business Cases and Problems.* By Leon C. Marshall and Others. $3.00, postpaid $3.15.

THE University of Chicago Press CHICAGO

At Leading News-Stands 15c

By Subscription $5 a year

TIME
25 West 45th Street
New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Points of View

M. Hamon and Mr. Shaw

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

In reply to M. Augustin Hamon's letter in your issue of the 18th July, allow me to apologize at once to him for having inadvertently referred to him as a "Belgian" when I should have said Breton. And now let us turn to the more relevant matters contained in his communication.

M. Hamon thinks that, when I spoke of his lack of literary qualifications, I did not know that he had lectured at the Sorbonne, and that he had edited a review. Of course, that is not the case. In the list of his works in my copy of "Le Molière du XXe Siècle" he is shown to be the author of two books on hygiene, five volumes on sociology, one on criminology, and two on psychology. Under the heading of "Literature," however, only one work appears: the translation of Shaw's "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant." It was precisely with these facts in mind that I declared that M. Hamon was a Socialist with no qualifications for translating Shaw. He evidently misunderstands English so readily that he imagines I intended to describe him as an uneducated or illiterate person, and he cites his Sorbonne lectures on Shaw as proof of the contrary.

When he published his book on Shaw, however, he was more modest. There he writes an introductory letter to Shaw, in which he says exactly what I said in my review of "The Table Talk of G. B. S." For example: "I was really astonished when . . . you asked me to be your translator . . . My knowledge of English was rather slender . . . I like the ideas you expressed in 'Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant' . . . but the vivacity, the movement, the humor of the dialogue escaped me. . . . I had published no work of pure literature. . . . I had written only some studies in hygiene, sociology, and collective psychology. And it was with this scientific equipment that you asked me to be the translator of dramatic works in collaboration with my wife." So much for the actual facts upon which my statements rest. In my view of M. Hamon's versions of Shaw many French critics concur. I notice, to take even the titles, that M. Hamon does not correct me when I said that "On Ne Peut Jamais Dire" is a bad, literal translation of "You Never Can Tell," that it is unidiomatic, and is not the phrase corresponding to the English. Similarly, "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant" is called "Pièces Plaisantes et Déplaisantes." The French word "plaisant" means amusing or funny, not "pleasant." "Arms and the Man," the phrase from Virgil, so ironically used by Shaw, disappears completely from M. Hamon's "Le Héros et le Soldat," showing that he has no feeling for the literary associations of words which are known in their Latin form and in every civilized language in the world. "The Philanderer" is called "L'Homme Aimé des Femmes," where the natural idiom is "L'Homme à Femmes."

Having myself been in receipt of the honeyed words which French writers like to employ on polite occasions, I am not so impressed as I should be by the encomiums quoted by M. Hamon. I should like to know just how well MM. de Gourmont, Rivoire, Véber, Reboux, and Vandérem knew English and the works of Shaw in English, before agreeing that they are qualified to pass on the translations of M. Hamon. Your readers will notice that, apart from Gourmont, the critics quoted speak only of "Saint Joan," not of the early plays to which Robert d'Humières, who was thoroughly familiar with English and England, is not the only person who had to put M. Hamon's French into a form that could be spoken on the stage. If M. Hamon wants to know the most recent instance of this, I will tell him privately, as I am not at liberty to publish the facts. Bernard Shaw is certainly not equipped by such knowledge of French as would make his opinion authoritative, but there are many people both in London and Paris, with the requisite knowledge of English and French and Shaw and the theatre, who can testify that the Hamon versions are unworthy of the original. For this Mr. Shaw alone is to blame, and it was against him that my criticism was directed. ERNEST BOYD.

"Gratte-Ciel"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

As a French reader of your interesting paper I have been much amused by the recent controversy between Professor Archibald Henderson and Mr. Ernest Boyd. I was particularly impressed by Professor Henderson's statement, in your issue of the 15th August, that "frotteurs du ciel" is "one of the French words" for skyscraper. I have never heard the expression used by any French person, and I have asked half a dozen of my compatriots in this city if they have, but all agree that the correct expression is "gratte-ciel." In the very form of the locution used by Mr. Henderson there is an error of which nobody familiar with French could be guilty—I refer to the use of "du." Consequently, even were "frotter" the verb employed, the word would be "frotte-ciel" or "frotteur de ciel." Professor Henderson will, I am afraid, have to reconcile himself to the fact that Mr. Boyd is right. An expression unidiomatic in form and unfamiliar to native French speakers was justly criticized by the reviewer of "The Table Talk of G. B. S." whose general strictures on the French versions of Shaw are also fully justified.

CLOTILDE MAURIN DE ZABALA.
New York City.

JOSEPH CONRAD: THE MAN
By ELBRIDGE L. ADAMS

A BURIAL IN KENT
By JOHN SHERIDAN ZELIE

Together with some Bibliographical Notes

OF this study, Joseph Conrad said: "My view is that the first personal sketch by a friend of mine will become an authority. People will refer to it in the future. This accounts for my care to get the shades of my meaning established in your recollections, which are wonderfully accurate in the main."

A sympathetic account of the burial of Conrad is found in the study by John Sheridan Zelie, A BURIAL IN KENT. The Bibliographical Notes include hitherto unpublished letters and critical material.

The volume is illustrated with a new portrait of Conrad, reproduced from a dry-point by Muirhead Bone.

450 Copies for Sale. Typography by Bruce Rogers

Price $10.00 net per copy

WILLIAM EDWIN RUDGE
4 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

hat Is a Story?

T *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

My friend Babbitt may or may not be turtle-mouthed, but he is a businessman, and I know he has not read a novel for years. After reading your recent article, "What Is a Story," I asked him whether he preferred the front page of the newspaper because "he knows enough about human nature to argue out the motives" himself. I was shocked at the violence of his reply, but what he did say was: "Damn the motives! I want the facts."

Now I know Babbitt really well, and had expected something of that sort, although I regret his profanity. I know just about how he feels about these things. If fiction does not interest him, it is not on account of "flimsily constructed plots, oozy sentiment, careless verbiage and garish atmosphere." I doubt whether he would recognize the qualities you mention, or reject them if he did. I believe that he would rather like them, just as the authors of such novels presumably think them fine, or they would not write such stuff. He does not care for novels because he fails to find in most of them what he hungers for: interesting incidents. Although I admit that he is hopelessly lowbrow, yet, being an incorrigible romanticist, I cannot help sympathizing with him. I also prefer to read stories with interesting incidents, and what is more, I believe that ninety per cent of novel readers, outside of the critical guild, do the same thing. That is one of the reasons why it seems to me as if "realism" in literature is altogether on the wrong track, and that in the long run "romanticism" is the only sort of literature that can be of real concern to humanity. The more realistic a work is, the more it will be little better than an amusement for a few thousand intellectuals.

According to my conviction, a rattling good series of incidents must be the backbone of all literature that purports to tell stories. It is so in all the greatest novels: Don Quixote, Gil Blas, Tom Jones, Simplicissimus, and the great Old Testament stories of which Miss Humphrey writes so interestingly in the same number of the *Saturday Review*. It is the same in Shakespeare. This does not mean that nothing more is necessary to make good literature, or we should not rise above the dime novel. I care not how much character study and psycho-analysis you give me, if it is skillfully combined with the incidents. I shall even welcome it, provided I can find true insight and not the product of "behavioristic" psychology. For that, being a branch of physiology, has no more to do with literature than the anatomy of the liver or any other gland.

Concerning "Madame Bovary," it is a book I tremendously admire as I do its author, but it is not a novel at all. It is a most excellent study in psychology, a scientific treatise having an artistic form such as it were well if all scientists could give to their writings.

You will be very generous indeed if you will print this in your *Review*, which is so valiant a champion of the opposite opinion, and will let me state once more, as you have done already, that to my mind literature, and all other forms of art, cannot be of real value to mankind unless they picture the world as it ought to be and could be if men really desired to make it so—which is the essence of romanticism.

ERNEST BRUNCKEN.
Milwaukee.

The Right Critic

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I enjoyed Mr. Allen Tate's paddling of Maxwell Bodenheim in your issue of July 4, but I fail to see that it helps us in our search for good critics. My hunch is this: that all "laws" of literary forms must be founded on the psychology of readers, and that all such laws must translate the psychological wants of the readers into the technical language of writing. The two obvious requirements of a literary critic are a knowledge of psychology and a knowledge of literary production.

Aristotle, of course, falls down miserably on both counts. In Poe we find a groping toward reason when he deduces from the "single sitting" of the readers the laws about the unity and length of short stories. Practically all critics, past and present, have been valauble only in so far as their individual psychological responses have been erected into generalizations that were hasty —but accurate. That is, critics are usually men of culture and sense whose unscientific opinions are often correct in such slightly technical matters as fine books, fresh eggs, pretty girls, and good cigars.

But it is nonsense to say that any of the admirable and amiable fellows that Mr. Tate lists in his letter, is a scientific critic. What we need is a second William James who can show the relation between psychological needs and literary works as he did between psychological needs and the paraphernalia of religion. Without such a "Varieties of Literary Experience," no sure criticism is possible. W. L. Werner.
New York City.

Walt Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

There isn't any. I mean any American document more gorgeous than the 1855 Preface to "Leaves of Grass." I have just stolen the time from my index-making of "The Life and Letters of John Burroughs" to read The Bowling Green in the Saturday Review that came yesterday. I can't resist stopping long enough to thank you —for myself, for J. B., and, yes, for Walt. In a short space Mr. Morley has condensed the wheat of bushels of writing about WW, and has left the reader with a consuming desire to read that immortal Preface.

Mr. Morley's article shows such a digest of all his reading of Walt, and will do more for him than much of the matter hitherto put out by those whom Perry calls Walt's "hot little prophets." I am the proud possessor of the 1855 edition of L of G., given me by J. B., and it is all I can do to keep from sitting down and reading again that Preface.

Hannah Hyde wasn't feeble minded, in the strict sense (I am an alienist, and naturally pounce on a misuse of such terms), she was, in fact probably the one of all Walt's brothers and sisters who most appreciated him, though she did become very eccentric in her later years, and perhaps even had a paranoic trend. I judge this from letters which I have, written about her by a woman who knew her in her last years. No question but she was decidedly "queer," but not "feeble-minded." Eddie, Walt's brother, who was for many years in the Long Island State Hospital, was feeble-minded, not in the sense of being one of the cases of imbecility usually classed as feeble-minded, but at a result of the deterioration which follows epilepsy. J. B. once told me that Walt's line, "I know the agency that emptied my brother," applied to Eddie, his epilepsy,—WW thought it was a result of his father's alcoholic habits. In another place in the Leaves, I've forgotten where, WW gives a graphic phrase which pictures the seizure of one afflicted with *Grand mal*, and which undoubtedly grew out of his having seen Eddie in his seizures.

But when I get to talking about WW I never knew when to stop, and I must stop, for the publishers are hurrying me (My "Life" is to come out in October), and I have countless unavoidable interruptions each day from the "pilgrims" who come to visit the grave of John Burroughs, and who stop at the Lodge (his midsummer home, and now my home) and take a lot of time.

CLARA BARRUS.

Many French novels give an inadequate if not wholly false idea of the real French people—those who form the bulk and foundation of a wonderful nation. Lately have appeared several books which should be known because they give a true notion of these people who, despite certain writers, are not always engaged in love affairs, but in others far more practical and equally interesting when well set forth. Such is Louis Bertrand's new novel, "Jean Perbal" (Fayard), the first volume—covering the hero's life up to twelve years—of a work showing the "intellectual, moral, and sentimental history of the generation which has held the front of the stage during the last fifty years." It will be followed by other volumes, connected only by the hero's personality. The reader will remember some of Bertrand's many books, his "Saint Augustin," which was admirably translated into English by Vincent O'Sullivan, his "La Grèce du Soleil et des Paysages," "Le Sang des Races," etc. He was born in Metz—Frenchest of French cities—but lives mostly in Algeria, travelling extensively.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Columbia University Press

1754 COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY 1925 PRESS

2960 Broadway New York, N. Y.

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON "Sam Slick"
A Study in Provincial Toryism
By V. L. O. Chittick

pp. ix + 681. Frontispiece. $4.00.

"As a biography, it can hardly be superseded."—*The American Historical Review.*

"This study is exhaustive and final. No one can henceforth venture to write or speak on Haliburton without referring to it."—*Montreal Standard.*

"He has made a valuable contribution to the political history of the British Empire and to the literary history of Canada and the United States."—*The Saturday Review of Literature.*

AT BOOKSTORES
Or direct from the Publishers
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from page* 111)

ing evil; evil, because it often seems to make unreasonable demands upon the individual—fascinating in so far as the readiness and ability to meet these demands brings a delightful sense of social power.

"Standard Etiquette" is written with vigorous common sense and a most practical imagination. It is compiled in the form of questions and answers, each subject being thoroughly covered in this informal and helpful way. The chapter on correspondence is unusually detailed; instead of stilted examples of friendly letters, one finds only lively little notes, each giving very cleverly something approaching a complete personality. When Dora, for instance, writes a note inviting Alice to luncheon, we feel that by reason of reading the note we can perfectly visualize Dora. It is in this imaginative spirit that the whole book is written. There are many illustrations too, exemplifying crucial social moments.

EGYPT (University Travel Series). By H. H. POWERS. Macmillan. 1925. $2.50.

The Dean of American travel experts is writing a series of little books on the chief countries of the Old World "with interpretation rather than information" as the aim. *Japan* has already appeared. The present volume of some three hundred pages is the second of the group. With disarming clarity the whole tapestried panorama of Egyptian art is unrolled, bordered with historical and economic summaries. The evolution of elements of architecture or of styles in sculpture covering centuries is reduced to such simple terms that one wonders why Capart is so cautious in venturing theories in his recent "Egyptian Art," and why even Bell in his "Egyptian Architecture" pauses now and then to modify a sweeping statement. The "false doorway" of the Sakkara tombs are false doorways to Dr. Powers. Pylons appear, we are to infer, in the Empire, and so on. But generalizations have their value. The explanations of primitive psychology, of the growth of the priestly and military classes, the vivid summary of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Dynasties must be alluring even to the Tired Business Man on tour. And in such a setting digressions on Protestant missions and English imperialism are not garrulous. For the thrill which any extensive review of civilization gives the student is transferred to the reader, and until the last paragraph without any "purple patches." One regrets that the illustrations are not more satisfactory, and that the whimsical spelling of names, now in the French style, now in the phonetic, now based on common usage, is further confused when still other spellings appear on the one map provided, which incidentally lacks the names of many of the ancient sites. And one regrets that the writer succumbs to the current fashion of minimizing the importance of the Tutankh-Amen finds.

A MODERN PILGRIMAGE TO PALESTINE. By *L. B. Pemberton.* Phila.: Dorrance. $3.

THE LURE OF LONDON. By the *Rev. D. S. Parkes Cadman.* New York: William Edwin Rudge.

OUR GREATEST MOUNTAIN. By F. W. SCHMOE. Putnam. 1925. $5.

This extremely interesting and impressive work is sub-titled: "A Handbook for

(*Continued on next page*)

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

"PRAIRIE." By Walter J. Muilinburg. (Viking Press).

"NEW WRITINGS OF WILLIAM HAZLITT." (Dial Press).

"OUT OF THE PAST." By Margaret Symonds. (Scribners).

J. B., Oxford, Ohio, asks for Texts useful in securing an elementary knowledge of Old French.

F. B. LUQUIEN'S "Introduction to Old French Phonology and Morphology" is published by the Yale University Press and a "LEXIQUE de l'ancien francais," by L. Godefroy, by Stechert.

V. E. J., Kansas City, Mo., asks for books on folk-songs and popular ballads in America.

"THE Story of our National Ballads," by C. A. Browne (Crowell), is a series of little histories of some of our songs from "Yankee Doodle" through the outburst of melancholy music that accompanied the Spanish American hostilities—how did they ever manage to fight with their energies depleted by "Just Break the News to Mother" and Goodbye, Dolly Grey"?—to the Great War. It does not pretend to be a scholarly work, but so far holds the place for one yet to be written, I hope, on this subject. "The Quest of the Ballad" (Princeton University Press) is a fascinating record of how these treasures are sought out.

There are scholarly works, however, on Afro-American songs. H. E. Krehbiel's, so far as I know the first to appear, make entertainment for anyone, but the methods by which his fascinating material was developed are those of patient scholarship. In 1920 came the remarkable collection of "Songs and Tales from the Dark Continent" (Schirmer), edited by Natalie Curtis Burlin, recorded from the singing and saying of C. K. Simango and Madikane Cele, two African-born students at Hampton Institute. This September the new Viking Press of this city will publish what has every appearance from the prospectus of being a most valuable addition to this literature, "The Book of American Negro Spirituals," by James Weldon Johnson. The editor, winner of the Spingarn Prize for this year, is Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and his lifelong study of Negro music has already resulted in the "Book of American Negro Poetry" which was prefaced by his illuminating essay on the subject. The new collection has the words and music for voice and piano of some sixty songs.

The introduction to the songs and chants of North American Indians that would be most likely to lead to further study and sympathetic understanding is, it seems to me, "The Path of the Rainbow," edited by George W. Cronyn (Boni and Liveright). The translations have been made to preserve the spirit and atmosphere as much as, perhaps more than, the exact words; the result is a book to be read on its merits as beautiful and intensely human poetry.

B. D. W., Milton, Mass., asks where John Masefield was born, as some of the reference books give only "England" and others conflict.

HE was born in Ledbury, some of whose local characters are supposed to appear in "The Widow in the Bye Street." His family, well-to-do lang-agents, having disapproved of his literary aspirations, he ran away to sea and the rest is history. The same letter asks whether the parents of G. B. Shaw were Protestant or Roman Catholic. Protestant, and Protestant Irish at that, and this means something.

J. E. N., San Francisco, Cal., has read somewhere that "W. H. Hudson had such distaste for books that he boasted that no literary man in London had so small a library as his. But I cannot trace these statements in any book by him that I have read nor in any book about him."

I DOUBT if he ever made them. Considering that for a great part of his life he was poor, and that he lived a wandering life all over the world, it is more than likely that he owned and carried about with him few volumes. A library is worse than a ball-and-chain. But a large part of the charm of his conversation—and everyone who knew him agrees that it was charming—was because he was an eclectic, almost an omniverous reader, and in his talk glanced from book to book with an understanding no man could have had who sat in the seat of the scornful. His letters have the same quality. No, anyone who has ever tried to combine book-loving and a taste for travel knows that however ethereal may be the content of a book, its physical weight is pitiless.

MARY AUSTIN writes from Santa Fé, New Mexico: "Do you recall my asking you once if you would let me have books for some of the isolated mountain communities in New Mexico? Now I wonder if you could help me about getting a library for the Hopi Indians, on their mesa island far in the northern part of Arizona. The Hopis are the most poetic and artistic group of our aborigines, the only group that has shown any interest in reading. They have learned to read in the government schools, but nobody has provided them with reading matter.

"They love to read about other Indians. They dote on fairy tales, and can enjoy books about white life that any white child of fifteen or sixteen could read, history, elementary science, and adventure stories. They do not care for our love stories, regarding them as indecent. Even the fairy stories with kissing in them are looked upon as doubtful. Even the animals, they say, conduct their lovemaking in private, but Americans are shameless.

"They love pictures, especially pictures of animals. Any sort of natural history book would be a sacred treasure. The man who keeps the only library they have has two or three government books, Bureau of Ethnology reports, etc., and he has to keep them locked up and let them out only on special occasions, or they would be thumbed to pieces.

"If you could get together a packet of such books as I have described and then let me know, I could make the connection for you so you could send them direct to Tomaso Pavata. . . ."

All the commentary this needs is that before you send me the books send me their titles, to avoid duplication and other troubles. I will reply and send mailing directions.

(*Continued on next page*)

YOU ARE A WRITER. **Don't you ever need help in marketing your work?**

I am a literary adviser. For years I read for Macmillan, then for Doran, and then I became consulting specialist to them and to Holt, Stokes, Lippincott, and others, for most of whom I have also done expert editing, helping authors to make their work saleable.

Send for my circular. I am closely in touch with the market for books, short stories, articles and verses, and I have a special department for plays and motion pictures,

The Writers' Workshop, Inc.
135 East 58th Street
New York City

Mathilde Weil

McDEVITT-WILSON'S INC. BOOKSELLERS 30 CHURCH STREET NEW YORK

HUDSON TERMINAL BLDG
CORTLAND 1779
Annex—54 Dey St. Cortland 0918

Book Service.

Telephone Cortlandt
1779 or 0498

For any book—
We'll do the rest

McDEVITT-WILSON'S
30 Church St. Cortlandt 1779

LIPS OF ALMOND BLOOM

a Byronic poem by
C. L. EDSON

What the critics say:

"This is too long for me."—F. P. A.

"I don't like poetry."—Julian Street.

"The critics will give it the horse laugh."—C. J. Herold, Brentano's.

"A really great poem."—Filley (Neb.) Spotlight, edited by Edson's brother.

"It's the greatest poem ever."—C. L. Edson.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT JEWS

A Russian Jew who had made his fortune in Indian Territory hired Mr. Edson to write his love letters and through this mail order wooing the Western Jew won a rich New York bride. Told in the form of a philosophic novel.

DULCINEA'S DIARY

A passionate book that burlesques with uproarious raillery all plots and subplots, all serious purpose, and sex appeal, all novels and novelists, all writers and readers too.

WHALE MEAT

A greater satire on American Democracy than Mencken, Artemus Ward or Mark Twain ever wrote. This book and WHAT I KNOW ABOUT JEWS held E. W. Howe spellbound. "I read them both at one sitting," he writes. " I am always looking for something to read, and do not average two books a month that interest me."

PRAIRIE FIRE

An epic poem of Kansas and the covered wagon days. Post paid fifty cents.

RHYMES AND CIRCUSES

About the Big Top troupers and side show acts, animals and fish. Postpaid, fifty cents.

All six books sent to any address postpaid on receipt of $2.25. Any single book fifty cents.

THE EDSON POCKET LIBRARY
Mount Pleasant South Carolina

We here present a new publishing idea. For the price of one cloth bound novel we offer you six books. If you take advantage of this idea without too costly advertising, then we will be able to publish other high class copyrighted books at fifty cents a volume and yet pay the author the customary royalty. No reprints of old familiar junk.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

books that will be just the thing, and if half the correspondents who ask if there isn't something they can do for the Guide will do this, there will be a good-sized collection.

C. E. W., Pittsburgh, tells the inquirer for a complete and illustrated Pepys that the "Wheatley Edition" is both complete and illustrated; eight volumes for the diary and a volume of notes for $25. "It went out of print last year when Dutton published the Braybrook Edition, the same text in a thin-paper, three-volume edition without the illustrations. The Wheatley was an English publication, part of the Bohn Library series, and is so recently out of print that I think it could easily be obtained by advertising. Anyone interested in Pepys should read Gamaliel Bradford's 'Soul of Samuel Pepys.'"

M. G. V. B., Oneida, N. Y., asks "if you were beginning a library collection on United States history, what would be the first set or sets you would buy?"

FOR a nucleus of a library on this subject, the best general survey of the entire history of the United States is the twenty-six volumes of the "American Nation" series, edited by Albert Bushnell Hart and published by Harper. It represents the synthesis of our scholarly knowledge down to its publication, 1905. There is, by the way, a chapter on books for the study of American history in "A Reader's Guide Book," on which I had distinguished collaboration. When I am asked for a book to start an interest in our history I am apt to reply with either the brilliant "The Founding of New England," by James Truslow Adams, and its worthy successor, "Revolutionary New England" (Atlantic), or Frederick J. Turner's "The Frontier in American History" (Holt), according as the interest is in our beginnings or our goings-on.

They are going to have an Eisteddfod in Ventura County, California, and B. B. asks me for advice on books for the needlework competitions that are to be added to the contests of music and drama. They want this exhibition repeated annually to develop "not only good and fine workmanship, but the desire and ability to make something really beautiful and artistic in color and design; in time original as well."

THERE are three English books published in the United States (Pitman) that would be welcomed not only by this committee but, as the inquirer suggests, by a public library to which they will later be given. "Drawing and Design," by Samuel Clegg, is a large and carefully illustrated volume, many of the pictures in color, which would be generally valuable in higher schools, for it is applicable to a number of arts and crafts, including lettering and manuscript writing, but there is special attention to needlecraft. "Embroidery and Design," by Joan Drew (Pitman), is a smaller book full of suggestions. "An Embroidery Pattern Book," by Mary E. Waring (Pitman) is especially valuable for this exhibition's plans, for it is prepared with the expectation that embroiderers who begin by adapting the elements given in it will gain confidence to go on to vary the elements for themselves or to make designs from nature.

G. L. S., Mexico City, Mexico, is interested in books covering the period of exploitation and colonization of the Gulf Coast of Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, . . . especially in original narratives, and is now reading "The Journey of Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca" in the American Explorers Series published by Allerton.

THE series published by Scribner, "Original Narratives of Early American History," has, in the volume called "The Spanish Explorers in the Southern United States, 1528-1543," not only the narrative of de Vaca, but the "Expedition of Hernando de Soto by the Gentlemen of Elvas," edited by T. H. Lewis, and the "Expedition of Coronado by Pedro de Castanida," edited by F. W. Hodge. "The Spanish Borderland," by H. E. Bolton, and "The Spanish Conquerors," by I. B. Richman, are volumes in the "Chronicles of America" (Yale University Press). If this interest extends to the Southwest, there is a new publication of the Carnegie Institute, Washington, "Historical Documents relating to New Mexico, Nueva Viscaya, and approaches thereto, to 1773," edited by C. W. Hackett, of which the first of three volumes has appeared; "Spanish Explorers in the Southwest, 1542-1710," edited by H. E. Bolton (Scribner); "Spanish Colonization in the Southwest," by F. W. Blackmar, published by Johns Hopkins. And if it goes to a later date, in "The West Florida Controversy, 1798-1813," Isaac Joslin Cox makes a study of one of the most intricate problems of American diplomacy (Johns Hopkins).

J. F. O., Waynesboro, Pa., asks if there is extant an English translation of either prose or verse of Leopardi; if so he wishes translators and publishers.

A LITTLE book I find useful in answering questions like this is "The First Printed Translations into English of the Great Foreign Classics," by W. J. Harris (Dutton). This gives "Essays and Dialogue" as translated in 1882 by C. Edwardes and "Poems" by Townsend in 1888. Another translation was of a selection of "Essays, Dialogues, and Thoughts," translated by Thompson and edited by Dobell, a little book published by Dutton but I think out of print. The latest translation has been of his "Poems" in a two-volume edition issued by the Cambridge University Press (Macmillan): this is quite recent. They are translated by G. L. Bickersteth in the metres of the original, with introduction and notes. "Studies on Leopardi," a pamphlet by J. Van Home (25 cents) is published by the University of Iowa.

C. T. N., Atlanta, Ga., is taking up the study of Italian and later of Spanish, with hope of a reading knowledge, and if he can get some speaking power all the better. He has had a college acquaintance with Latin, French, and German.

A. L. FROTHINGHAM'S "Simplified Italian Manual" (Princeton University Press) is a beginner's book, practical for reading purposes and excellent for intending travelers, especially those who will stay some time. "Colloquial Italian" and "Colloquial Spanish," by W. H. Patterson (Dutton), are numbers in a useful series for many languages, including Chinese. As for a speaking acquaintance, this depends upon the amount of effrontery possessed by the individual, or perhaps on the degree of his self-consciousness. I never could decide whether my panic at speaking with tongues was due to bashfulness or egotism. It may be a sense of humor combined with the habit of listening to what I am saying and realizing, just too late, how far off it is from what I mean. Never listen to yourself when speaking in a foreign tongue; let the foreigner do it.

Both these languages are comparatively easy to pick up from print, because it is easier to reduce their sounds to phonetic English. Nothing is funnier than French spelled for English pronunciation, except the even more upsetting English as fitted to the sounds of French.

New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Mount Ranier National Park," and its author, the Park Naturalist at Mount Rainer, writes with resources of knowledge and experience which qualify him as the official interpreter of that enchanting region. The contents are methodically classified under four heads: "The Mountain," "The National Park," "Flora and Fauna," "The Winter Season," every form of life which exists in the preserve gaining a scholarly and authoritative inclusion. The scope and richness of the work should render it invaluable not only to prospective tourists of the Park but to student naturalists and others of scientific bent. It would be impossible to overpraise the thoroughness and accuracy which are evident throughout the book. 64 beautifully distinct illustrations, from photographs, a map, and articles contributed to the text by expert colleagues of Mr. Schmoe, add greatly to the value of the whole.

THE ASTROLOGY OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS. By KARMA. Stokes. 1925. $3.50.

This is a textbook of standard astrology, written with an eye to system and simplicity. Its purpose is to show how to calculate and interpret the great forces of the stars upon the formation of personality. Its chief fault is the lack of a glossary, in the absence of which the layman must appeal to one wiser than himself in order to learn the meanings of several important terms; but once these are mastered, the book is quite self-explanatory.

Perhaps it should be added that the title is a bit deceptive. Egyptologists will find the title interest: the reference to "ancient Egyptians" in the title is intended only to suggest that modern astrology is very ancient. Egypt and Hermes Trismegistus, the two most ancient authors quoted, were post-Christian.

But the book does not really pretend to be a study in historical folk-lore; it is a practical manual, the purpose of which is to make clear how to construct and read a horoscope.

GARDENS: A NOTEBOOK OF PLANS AND SKETCHES. By J. C. N. FORESTIER. Scribners. 1925. $12.

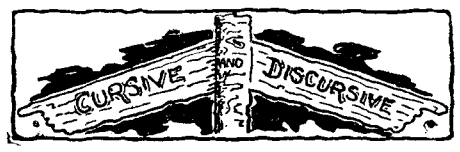
This book, translated from the French by Helen Morganthau Fox, is a valuable addition to the garden literature of America; not merely another garden book, and candor must admit that there are quite enough of the "dear flowers" sort, rather a history of garden development which emphasizes the influence of the East and the gracious lands which may grow the orange. The author is that rare combination, a practical floriculturist and an artist in landscaping. Although he does not sentimentalize about them, he knows his flowers well and gives lists of perennials, roses and lilies suitable for garden subjects. These have been adapted by the translator to meet American needs; the text is further simplified by a table of English equivalents for the French measurements in metres.

But the great gift M. Forestier has for the American gardener, is his brief for form. He has a nice phrase, "the exact garden," and his theory that plants should be allowed to develop naturally in a formal setting, will find favor with all save the extremists of the picturesque school. Of especial value is a chapter on gardens in which seventeen, varying in size and problems of construction are considered. All are illustrated by flat-plan and drawing in perspective and in a few cases certain details of elevation are added. There is also a chapter of backgrounds which many Americans may read with profit.

FRENCH HOME COOKING. By CLAIRE DE PRATZ. Edited by Day Monroe. Dutton. 1925. $2.50.

Skilfully edited and—one suspects—inspired, by Day Monroe, instructor in cooking at Columbia, this compilation of French recipes sympathetically interprets the spirit of French cookery—that enterprising spirit which is continually on the search for flavor. The French cook cares for nothing but flavor; to him the flavor is the culinary soul. It is not enough for him that food be prepared adequately: it must be prepared to a condition of ultimate perfection; the process of cooking must be a work of creative art. This cooking ideal is felt throughout the book. In addition to the usual conservative and well-known French dishes there are included many original recipes, which were had as rare treasures from friends of the author. And around each recipe clings a certain authenticity, an orthodoxy, of perfection. Bits of cooking theory are introduced too—especially in respect to omelette-making, and salad, and soups. For good measure the book contains one Greek and two Russian dishes.

AMERICA'S GREATEST GARDEN. By *E. H. Wilson*. Stratford. $3.
FATHER'S FIRST TWO YEARS. By *Fairfax Downey*. Minton, Balch. $1.50.
A COMPENDIUM OF PRECIS WRITING. By *F. E. Robeson*. Oxford University Press. $1 net.
CONFERENCES, COMMITTEES, CONVENTIONS. By *Edward Eyre Hunt*. Harpers. $2.50.
AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP. By *John W. Davis, Philip Cook, Albert C. Ritchie, Luther B. Wilson*, and *Charles E. Hughes*. Crowell.
ARNOLD SCHONBERG. By *Edgar Welles*. Dutton. $2.25.
THE TERM'S MUSIC. By *Cedric Howard Glover*. Dutton. $2.
THE MYSTERIOUS GLANDS. By *H. H. Rubin, M.D.* Philadelphia: Milo.
A LIST OF MUSIC FOR PLAYS AND PAGEANTS. By *Roland Holt*. Appleton. $2.
MANET. By *J. E. Blanche*. Dodd, Mead.
PISSARO. By *A. Tabarant*. Dodd, Mead.
PEDRIATICS OF THE PAST. By *John Ruhräh*. Hoeber. $10.
THE SOCIAL THEORY OF GEORGE SIMMEL. By *Nicholas J. Spykeman*. University of Chicago Press. $3.
SINCE LENIN DIED. By *Max Eastman*. Boni & Liveright. $1.50.
THE RETURN OF THE KINGS. By *X. T.* Dodd, Mead. $2.50.
THE CASE FOR THE CENTRAL POWERS. By Count Max Montgelas. Knopf. $3.50 net.
THE GENEVA PROCTOCAL. By *David Hunter Miller*. Macmillan. $3.50.
THE POLITICAL AWAKENING OF THE EAST. By *George Matheze Dutcher*. Abingdon Press.
HANDBOOK OF ALASKA. By *Major-General A. W. Greely*. Scribners. $3.50.
S. P. E. TRACT No. XXI. The Society's Work. By *Robert Bridges*. Oxford University Press.
RULES FOR COMPOSITORS AND READERS. By *Horace Hart*. Oxford University Press. 70 cents.



NEXT to reading or writing a phrase that to some extent satisfies, we enjoy witnessing a first-rate tennis match. We like trying to play tennis ourselves, but our own dexterity at the game is so distinctly limited that our performance is no unmixed joy. Fairly recently it was an entirely different matter out at the Forest Hills Stadium. There on several occasions we occupied a good seat and saw all the first-string women players, both American and British, strenuously contend. Any one of them we felt assured could have given us 40 a game and have won 6-0. So we were vastly content just to *watch* them play.

But we aren't writing a sporting article, we are trying to get along to the subject of Miss Helen Wills in the finals and to certain literary meditations Miss Wills, quite unwittingly, suggested to us. Her conduct of her match against Miss McKane contains a parable for writers in general. We are beginning to think that the trouble with writers is that there are no auctorial tournaments. Writer is never pitted against writer directly, with the injunction "Show your stuff and make good!" Writers have to test themselves. No concrete living opponents test them. Critics? What do writers really care for critics? They only care to disagree with them!

Miss Helen Wills, aged nineteen—to get back to the point—has a rifle-shot service and a Johnstonian forehand. She has been highly praised for the swiftness and power of her game. But the opposition of Miss McKane—both in the Wightman Cup match, which Miss Wills barely pulled out of the fire, and in the final session of the National—showed her that she had to prove that she had even more than that. She proved it. She demonstrated that a champion had to have a lot more to hold and deserve the title. She had to possess all the resources of great court generalship.

Before she is twenty, in this one sport, a girl athlete has worked this out for herself and has developed her game accordingly. And because we feel like being sententious today we desire to point out that many of our modern *littérateurs* might well learn a lesson therefrom. Their fault is that they remain satisfied with the development of certain talents that come easiest. Some of them, say, have highly perfected the realistic ground-stroke, the epigrammatic volley, romantic and spectacular overhead play, a cannonball induction or a keenly satirical "chop." They dazzle by the display of certain gifts. They possess in full measure the elements of a great game—in certain departments. But no direct competition calls upon them to meet the dismaying realization that, if they wish to write in championship style, there are other departments of the game that they must set themselves seriously to study and thoroughly to learn. Great literature may be in the exercise of one or a few certain gifts brought to their highest perfection, but the giants of the old days sought for the fully rounded game. They achieved it. That is why they were giants.

It is impossible, of course, to work out any air-tight parallel betwen the practise of a competitive sport and the practise of any art, in essence non-competitive. But if, say, John Galsworthy were facing Michael Arlen across the literary net, we cannot but think that each would learn something valuable from the other's game. Galsworthy from the baseline could probably keep Arlen from coming in and finishing off with those trap shots of his. Arlen depends too much on the lucky smash and has still something to learn about footwork and placement. Galsworthy's sound ground-strokes, on the other hand, incline too much toward the Watson M. Washburn technique. For the most part he plays safely back and his drives sometimes lack depth. Also Bernard Shaw's pace and pyrotechnical overhead play would leave him flat-footed. And Shaw has a great sardonic backhand. Yet that in itself is not all of the game. Hardy, the Norman Brooks of literature, has always manifested marvelous headwork. He has frequently manœuvred God entirely out of position and has run out many a set against the Almighty with consummate craft. Yet—?

So much to justify our staying away from the office on several perfect afternoons to watch the ladies of the United States and Great Britain battle gracefully on the fair green lawns. Faint justification, we fear! But what do we care? We saw some superlative tennis!

W. R. B.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The W d of Rare Bool

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

HE SUPPLY OF RARE BOOKS

THE auction season in England came to an end with the same inquiry upper-ost in the minds of many, as was the case i this country, "Where is next year's auc-on room supply of rare books coming rom?" Commenting upon the sales of the ast season in general, a statement issued by ie Anderson Galleries summarizes the sit-ation. It says:

"The outstanding feature of the season as the comparatively small number of hoice manuscripts and books which were ffered and the high prices which were bid or them. Every time a rare and valuable ook or manuscript appeared a record price as bid. In the opinion of the Anderson alleries, the demand for choice books and anuscripts will from now on exceed the upply. Nearly all the desirable ones which ave been offered during the past three or our years have been bought by public in-titutions or by private collectors whose col-ections will eventually be bequeathed to nstitutions. There are, of course, a few im-ortant private collections in America which ill be sold "by way of the auction" when heir owners die, but these cannot begin to upply the extraordinary demand there is oday in America from the large and in-creasing number of collectors."

Five or six years ago, in an interview printed in *The Publisher's Weekly*, Dr. Rosenbach, the rare book dealer, pointed out very clearly just the conditions that are now confronting the book collectors of the world. He said:

"It is now dawning upon us that we have been living in the most wonderful period of opportunity that book collectors have ever had. It is also clear that we are never likely to see such a period again, for the rarities that have been passing through the market have been bought mainly by book-lovers and collectors, not speculators, and will largely go into the great university and public libraries, never to appear again at public sale. . . . The books of all periods from Caxton's day to our own have made amazing advances. . The cause is plain enough: more collectors, a keener knowl-edge and appreciation of literature, greater wealth, and a growing tendency to preserve the world's great books in libraries, thus constantly removing them from the possi-bility of private ownership. Are these causes likely to remain effective in the fu-ture? Is it probable that the population of the United States, Great Britain, with her American, African and Australian col-onies, will continue to increase? And will their progress in education, culture and wealth continue? And will the building of great libraries, which seems only to have just started, go on? If so, we shall have an ever-growing market. And if collecting continues at its present pace we shall have a constantly diminishing supply. An in-creasing demand and a decreasing supply will force price advances. All hinges upon the progress of the English-speaking peo-ple. Upon this point there is little chance for doubt. The next century is likely to be quite as wonderful as the last."

This was all very plain to Dr. Rosen-bach in 1919, and he gave good reasons for his opinions. It is now very plain to us all in 1925. If any of us thought that Dr. Rosenbach was a "plunger" five or six years ago when he was buying up all the rarities in sight, we now see that we were mistaken and that he was a cool, calculating buyer who saw that it was per-fectly safe to pay good prices on a rising market and a contracting supply.

"Where will next year's auction supply of rare books be coming from?" This is an interesting question and many collectors will be interested in its answer. Neverthe-less the hunt for literary rarities will go on and money and intelligence will make it more exciting than ever.

SALE OF SCOTT MANUSCRIPTS

IN the last century many of the manu-scripts of Sir Walter Scott's novels and poems have been sold in London auction rooms and their steady rise in value furnish a good illustration of the growing interest of collectors in authors' manuscripts gen-erally. On the 27th of July the manuscript of "The Antiquary" was sold at Sotheby's in London bringing the record price of £2,100. In July, 1919, the manuscript of "Quentin Durward" in the same auction room brought £700, and in November, 1923, that of "Redgauntlet," £520. These were record prices only a few years ago. A number of Scott's manuscripts were sold in the '60's and '70's but prices were com-paratively low. The largest sale of Scott's manuscripts was held in 1832, when those of thirteen novels sold for £317 18s. These manuscripts and the prices which they brought were as follows: "The Monastery," £18 18s.; "Guy Mannering," £27 10s.; "Old Mortality," £33; "The Antiquary," £42; "Rob Roy," £50; "Peveril of the Peak," £42; "Waverley," £18; "The Ab-bot," £14; "Ivanhoe," £12; "The Pirate," £12; "Fortunes of Nigel," £16 16s.; "Kenilworth," £17; and the "Bride of Lam-mermoor," £14 14s. From 1832 to 1925, a period of ninety-three years, the manu-script of "The Antiquary," advanced from £42 to £2,100. The manuscripts of some authors show even greater advances. And some of the most extraordinary records in literary material of this kind has been made since the end of the World War. And prices are still advancing.

THE PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY for Aug-ust 22 is a special "Good Book Mak-ing Number." Its important articles include "The Making and Judging of Books," by Porter Garnett, master of The Laboratory Press of the Carnegie Institute of Tech-nology; "Present Tendencies of the Typog-raphy of Books," by William A. Kittredge, director of Design and Typography, R. R. Donnelly & Sons Company of Chicago; a check list of typical productions of "The Merrymount Press of Boston" prepared by D. B. Updike, a list that all lovers of fine printing will want to preserve; "The Revival of the Woodcut in Modern Book-Illustration," by Bertrand Zadig; "What Paper for Books," by Franklin Spier. There many interesting illustrations in these arti-cles.

In the leading editorial in this number discussing "The Rightness of Good Book-making," the editor says:

"Leaders who can raise the craft of printing to a fine art cannot be expected to develop in every generation but the pre-sent day is fortunate and books are being produced by such men as Updike, Rogers and Rollins, which future collectors will be glad to secure when the present-day collectors shall scatter their libraries. Book-sellers who can gather about them a clientele for the more distinguished examples are finding it a worthwhile department and one which gives the booksellers a wonderful opportunity to put to use his best knowl-edge and taste."

GOOD BOOK MAKING NUMBER

THIS inquiry comes from two readers of these columns in mails very close together. There is no fixed and uniform meaning for the word edition. Some pub-lishers regard a thousand copies as an edi-tion, thus a novel is in its fiftieth edition when it has sold 50,000 copies. Others regard a single printing, or impression, as an edition. "The Bookman's Glossary" de-fines an edition as (1) The form of a book or set, referring to its editing or style of make-up. (2) The whole number of copies of a book or other publication in uniform style. The Publishers' Association of Eng-land recommended an interpretation of edi-tion which is generally observed by its mem-bers and is favored by the publishers of America who follow the best traditions of the trade. Edition is not used in connec-tion with repeated printings unless there are changes in the text, a revision, new matter added, or change in format or price. If it is a new printing only, without changes, the term should be issue, impression, or print-ing, or simply a statement of the total num-ber of copies printed to date. There has been a tendency toward a more uniform meaning for the word edition in recent years in both England and America.

Edward Goldston, the English bookseller who recently discovered and purchased a fine copy of the Gutenberg Bible from a monastery in Austria, reports that American collectors are negotiating for its purchase.

Cablegrams from London report that the danger which recently threatened the seclu-sion of the church and churchyard at Stoke Poges, made famous by Gray's "Elegy," is at last wholly removed. The plans of the parochial church council of Stoke Poges have succeeded and that historic church and churchyard will be handed over to the Na-tional Trust for preservation as described by the poet Gray. The announcement comes from Canon Barnett, the

COUNTER ATTRACTIONS

NEW & OLD BOOKS :: COLLECTORS' ITEMS :: PRINTERS & BINDERS :: WRITERS' SERVICES

Single insertion rate: 6 cents a word

BARGAIN OFFERS

GREAT 20% CASH-DISCOUNT SALE during July and August. Our entire stock of choice books in all fields of Literature, Art and Science, including unsold items in our last catalogue (mailed free upon request), offered at a cash discount of 20%. An unusual op-portunity for all book lovers. Dauber & Pine, Inc., 83 Fourth Avenue, New York.

NEW BOOK BARGAINS: The first price given on the following items is the publishers, ours follows. Van Loon, Story of the Bible, $5.00-$2.50; Wells, Short History of the World, $4.00-$2.50; Stevenson, Famous Crimes and Criminals, $3.00-$1.50; Lawrence, Sea and Sardinia, $5.00-$3.50; Robert Frost, North of Bos-ton, $2.00-$1.00; Lomer, Writing of Today, 2.00-65c; Lear, Nonsense Book, complete with original illustrations, $2.00-$1.00. Send in your order today, allowing 10 per cent for postage. Ask for our bargain catalog of new books at reduced prices. Woodworth's, 1311 East 57th Street, Chicago, Ill.

YOUR BOOK MONEY BUYS TWICE-AS-MUCH, FROM SEIFFERS, NATIONAL BOOKSELLERS. 4 stores. Mail Order Dept. Lowest prices quoted, all books, new, used. Discounts to Libraries, Clubs, Bargain Cata-logues mailed Free. 832 Westchester Ave., New York.

RARE EDITIONS

RARE BOOK CO., 99 Nassau St., New York, dealers in old historical books, Christian Sci-ence literature, old laws, autographed letters. Catalogues furnished.

FIRST EDITIONS. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Good literature at modest prices. Monthly catalogues issued. Oxford Book Shop, Alfred T. Goldsmith, 42 Lexing-ton Ave. at 24th Street.

FIRST EDITION old and rare books. M. E. , 641 Peters Trust Bldg., Omaha

ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS. In-teresting catalogue of Books from 15th to 20th Century, mailed free on application. Howes Bookseller, St. Leonards-on-Sea, England.

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER and Sport-ing Magazine, volume 15, 1844, also the fol-lowing numbers or the engravings,—Vol. IV, October 1832, Indians gathering wild-rice. April 1833, "Timolion."—Volume VII, June 1836, "Tramp"—Volume VIII. November 1836 "Felt"—Volume XIV. April 1843, "Grey Eagle," January 1843, "Fashion."

Memorials of the Discovery and Early Settle-ment of the Bermudas, by Sir J. H. Lefroy, 2 vols. London 1877-79.

Down the West Branch by Capt. C. A. J. Farrar.

Heroes and Heroines of the Grand National.

The Acadians in Song and Story, Ficklin.

In Acadia, Ficklin, New Orleans, 1893.

"The Rock Floor of Intermont Plains of the Arid Regions" by Charles Rollins Keyes, pub. in Bulletin of Geological Society of America, vol. 19, 1908.

SPECIALISTS

WE SPECIALIZE in furnishing books for fixed monthly or yearly sums to persons any-where in the world. Suggestions for reading based on individual needs or wishes made with-out charge. Circular without obligations. The Arnold Company, Equitable Building, Balti-more, Md.

THE NORTH NODE, an Occult Book Shop, 114 East 57th St. Books on Occultism, Mysti-cism, Metaphysics, Astrology, The Kabbalah, The Tarot, Hermetics, Alchemy, Symbolism, The Rosicrucians, Theosophy, Comparative Reli-gions, Ancient Civilization, Mythology, Folk-lore, and kindred subjects—old, rare and out-of-print, new and contemporary.

LIST OF RARE LINCOLN items sent on request. M. H. Briggs, 5113 Timbark Ave., Chicago.

"SOUNDINGS," "DRUMS"—$2.00 each. Soifer, 1244 Clay Avenue, New York.

WRITERS' SERVICE

MANUSCRIPTS CRITICIZED, Revised, Typed; Advice as to markets, Twenty-five years as writer, editor, publisher. Circular on request. Also catalog thirty text-books for writers. James Knapp Reeve (Founder and former editor of The Editor) 3 Alex Bldg., Franklin, Ohio.

FOREIGN LITERATURE

FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, GERMAN books. Our stock is most complete. Send for catalogue stating language desired. Schoenhof's, 387 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

LANGUAGES

WORLD-ROMIC SYSTEM, MASTERKEY to all languages. Primers, $1.94; Chinese, French, Spanish, Alphagams, 30c. Dictonaries, $1.98. Languages, 8 West 40th, New York.

GENERAL ITEMS

BOOKS REVIEWED in this issue sent post free anywhere. Special attention to kinsprits. Greenwich Village Book Shop, 4 Christopher St., New York City. Spring 8416.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS, current books of English and American fiction, poetry, drama, criticism, art, essays, can now be procured from Eugene Pell, 1203 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MAX N. MAISEL, 424 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK. The first bookstore in New York (Established 1893) to discern the oncom-ing of an American intelligentsia and to gather and carry the best collection of good books for the intellectual reader.

EVERY BOOK IN CREATION. Pratt, 161 Sixth Ave., New York.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE of most inter-esting books in the world. Dr. French, 2407 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

POETRY: BARGAIN LIST of Shelf-Worn and second hand stock, free. Woodworth's Book Store, 1311 E. 57th St., Chicago.

"THE WORLD AT MIDNIGHT" contains each month our unusual catalogue of odd and strange books, autographs, prints and literary curiosities. Open Book Shop, 58 West Wash-ington, Chicago.

CURRENT ENGLISH BOOKS. The Holli-day Bookshop, 10 West 47th St., New York.

PLACE TO WRITE—For Rent—furnished or unfurnished. First floor private house. Three rooms, bath, kitchenette, fireplace, private en-trance. One hour from Grand Central. Tele-phone Pleasantville 507 M, or write Box 213, Hawthorne, New York.

Lewis' THE MONK, $4.50; D'Annunzio's FLAME OF LIFE, $1.75. Gotham Book Mart, 51 West 47th Street (Bryant 5812).

CONDOR'S BOOKSTORE, 65 Fifth Ave. Scarce items. Biggest bargains in New York. Come in. Catalogue ready.

BOOKS ON EVERY PHASE of American History; genealogy; local history. Catalogs on request. The Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th Street, New York.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS, ten volumes, $13.50; Flaubert's Works, ten volumes, $12.50. Gotham Book Mart, 51 West 47th Street.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books on all subjects quick-ly supplied at lowest cost. We also specialize in first editions, rare items, genealogies, maga-zines, English books, etc. No charge or obliga-tion for this service. Announcements free. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, Dept. 326, 500 Fifth Ave., New York. Longacre 10435. (Largest exclusive out-of-print specialists in the world.)

"TELL US YOUR BOOK TROUBLES." Books out of print searched for gratuitously Ginsburg's Bookshop, 1873 Pitkin Ave., Brook lun, N. Y.

OUR OUT-OF-PRINT SERVICE searches without obligation for books, magazines, gene-alogies, English publications, special items, etc. Items quoted at moderate prices. National Bib-liaphile Service, 1270 Broadway, New York. Pennsylvania 2986.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Howard Vincent O'Brien

Does it pay to have a sense of humor—

or does the world belong to the man without one?

In WHAT A MAN WANTS Howard Vincent O'Brien has written the story of a man who couldn't take life seriously.

• • • •

Ammiel Spottswood upset his matter-of-fact family by taking after his grandfather, who had laughed himself out of the White House.

Ammiel found, during the war, that he couldn't hate; and after he got engaged, he found that he couldn't love. All he wanted was to sit still and smile quietly at the world as it bustled by.

The world refused to let him sit still; but it couldn't take away that queer smile.

Published yesterday, this book will be talked about tomorrow.

What a Man Wants

By Howard Vincent O'Brien

Author of "Trodden Gold"

At all bookstores, $2.00

Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Phoenix Nest

WE have left another vicinity behind us! Our strolls along Third Avenue are likely to be no more for some little time. Now we sit observing plumes of steam from an eighth floor office behind the Harvard Club and strive (with grist of copy temporarily cast to the four winds of Moving) to grind our little mill. * * * "You heard wrong," reads a letter from *Charles Bayly, Jr.*, of Holts'. "*Bob Benchley* will call his new book something other than 'David Copperfield.'" * * * Mr. Bayly speaks firmly. He goes on to say that, after the title "The Cult of Asininity" was first announced and cancelled, "Ho-Hum" and "Now, This Li'l Girl" also went into the discard. * * * The final and authorized title of this latest item in Benchleyana is "Pluck and Luck: or Virtue Is Its Own Reward (it has no other)"—that is, conclude the long-suffering publishers, if they can afford a die big enough for that many words! * * * We haven't yet found a Wonderbuck. Our serial numbers are all wrong—as the editor said who advocated nothing but short fiction. * * * It is reported that a particularly hard-boiled (at least ten minutes) buyer of fiction for a bookstore found *Barry Benefield's* "The Chicken Wagon Family" the only novel that ever prevented the reading of his afternoon paper on the train! * * * We are all for more of this kind of prevention. * * * Our hated rival column "Cursive and Discursive" went after Mr. *Curwood*, noted author, the other day and referred to him as being a bit of a botanist because he spoke of the "sweet scent" of the purple trillium. Now one *Lloyd E. Smith* of Simsbury, Connecticut, rises to opine that his childhood recollection of the purple trillium is far from sweet:

It smells bad, very bad indeed. Of course, there may be different trilliums. But the bad smell makes me indulge in this splurge of protest—for, you know, we cannot allow the subtle anemone to be insulted.

* * * *Kenneth Rede* of Baltimore, Md., boasts the unsophisticated address of 2100 Callow Avenue, and there, at the sign of the Raven, he asks you to write him freely of the books you are looking for, because he claims he can supply them. * * * "Quinby and Son," we see, is advertised as "The Father and Son Book." This leads us to expect similar characterizations of possible future volumes: "The Mother-in-Law Book," "The Great Aunt and Second Cousin once Removed Book," "The Illegitimate Infant Book," "The Papa Loves Momma Book," "The Affable Uncle Book," "The Connection by Marriage Book," and so on. * * * *Harold Bell Wright*, they say, emerged from the quote wilds unquote recently "just long enough to buy a book at a Colorado town and then proceeded on the extended fishing trip which has taken him along the Colorado River. The book he bought was a copy of his own latest novel, 'A Son of His Father.'"

And so our thought
Comes pat and trite:
After he bought
Did the fish bite?

* * * *Zona Gale* has dramatized "Faint Perfume," which will be produced at the Neighborhood Playhouse. But Grand Street—as we remember it—! * * * *Gilbert Frankau* is reported as calling many modern Englishwomen with money "sleek jungle cats who ought to be behind bars."

Sleek jungle cats behind your bars
Who pour when you obtain your way,
Care little for the household lars
And crouch at teas in search of prey,
Young Frankau has no use for you.
It really ought to make you shiver.
Though all seductively you sue
He slaps you down without a quiver!

* * * My, my, how tuneful we are this morning! * * * Frankau thinks woman's job is housekeeping, dusting, sweeping,—while men toil, fastidious weeping,—not, by Heck this prowling, creeping leopardessing, lounging, leaping,—sowing wind and whirlwind reaping, never caring where they're——.

* * * But we really must stop this. It has gone altogether too far. But then so has Mr. Frankau! * * * *Irving Blake*, this city, tells us what we already knew, that the Oxford University Press, American Branch's illustrated edition of "Movements of European History" *is* the acknowledged *D. H. Lawrence* edition, in two formats—not two editions, as we ignorantly said. The first published edition, with author's name printed "Lawrence H. Davison," 1921, he goes on to tell us, was *not* illustrated. And then he suggests as follows:

In spite of their advertisements in your columns, please do not give—in the manner of the newspaper literary supplements—too much credit for their enterprise to American publishers who import British books and re-issue them without resetting here, merely putting their names on title pages. Least of all is credit due to branch agencies of British publishers who hold up their American patrons for an enhanced price for their books considerably above our tariff added to the original British price. American buyers sensible enough to import British publications save themselves a goodly percentage of their annual book bills by ordering direct from London. But it is idle to hope that this suggestion will be printed in your columns.

* * * Well now, that wasn't so idle after all, was it, Irving, old Dear? * * * Just because of Irving getting so petulant, we're going to hold the nickel-plated bar-rail to Stokes for bringing out "Fairy Tales from Brentano," after all these years—yes with the original illustrations by *F. Carruthers Gould* in *Kate Freligrath Kroeker's* translation. This was one of the great children's books of our youth and the original copy we have is all tattered and torn and pages are missing. But *all* our Carruthers Gould illustrations were in full color, and here only the frontispiece is so. Besides the format of the book is different and the illustrations reduced in size. * * * But why cavil, since this remarkable children's book is again obtainable! Let us rather thank God for it. * * * Don't let your children be cheated of these stories, as much their proper heritage as the tales of *Andersen* and *Grimm*. * * * With which injunction we are, respectfully,

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The Chicken-Wagon Family

Barry Benefield

"SIMPLY splendid", says Harry Hansen of The Chicago Daily News. "A book with a personality", says John Clair Minot of The Boston Herald.

A whimsical, tender story making respectful and affectionate use of the best things in life—friendship, beauty adventure and love. It has to do with an affair of the heart between adorable Addie Fippany, a girl of French extraction in New York, and a transplanted Texan who was never a cowboy and would laugh quietly at the idea of his being a hero. A first novel by an author with a sense of proportion, a sense of drama and a sense of humor. $2.00

THE CENTURY CO. :: NEW YORK

The NEW BOOKS FROM BEACON HILL

presented in this column are indicative of the richness and colorful variety of our Autumn publications. These and other important volumes are fully described in our latest brochure "New Books from Beacon Hill" Ask us to send you a free copy

THE MISTY FLATS
By Helen Woodbury
If you have a flair for discovering new novelists, by all means read this brilliant first novel which one of our best manuscript readers hails as a "find." It is a appealing story of a girl whose individuality was suppressed to satisfy her mother's selfishness. $2.

WHAT I HAVE SEEN AND HEARD
By J. G. Swift MacNeill
Literally "a bundle of anecdotes" of English and Irish notables, by a famous and witty Irishman who was in the House of Commons from 1887 to 191 Illustrated. $4.

THE PRESENT ECONOMIC REVOLUTION IN THE UNITED STATES
By Thomas Nixon Carver
Friends of labor will want to read what Professor Carver of Harvard has to say about laborers becoming capitalists, while friends of capitalism will read his analysis with amazement. $2.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES: Its Sources and Its Application
By Thomas James Norton
"I know of no book which so completely and adequately explains our form of government," says Hon. James M. Beck of this book which is reissued in a new and improved edition. $2

THE CYNIC'S CYCLOPAEDIA
A witty exposé of contemporary facts and foibles, ranging from ambition, appendicitis, athletic time, love and marriage to pyorrhoea and cross-word puzzles. $1.

"Atlantic Monthly Press Publications"

INDIANS OF THE ENCHANTED DESERT
By Leo Crane
You'll enjoy reading about the Enchanted Empire of the Hopi and Navajo Indians in this book by an Indian agent who has ruled them for years. Illustrated. $5

MY AFRICAN NEIGHBORS
By Hans Coudenhove
A distinctive book of African lore by a man who has studied for years the ways of beast, man and bird in Nyasaland. $2

For Sale at All Booksellers

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
Publishers, 34 Beacon St.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED